

CONFUSED
Characters
of Conceited
Coxcombs:

O R,
A Dish of Trayterous
Tyrants, dressed with Verjuice and
and pickeled too Posterity.

*Together with their Camp-retinue and
Fems Covert.*

By *Verax Philobasileus.*

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu
Nec venenatis grævida Sagittis
Phusce Pharetra.*

London, Printed by T. M. for Typographus
at the Signe of the World, 1661.

24 July
006

YALE





Facecious Reader,

CHaracters are Descriptions,
and where the persons descri-
bed, prove vitious and vain;
excuse me gentle Reader, if this Trea-
tise prove so likewise. The laborious
Bee by nice Chymistry extraicts the
Elixar of her Thime, and loads her
feeble thighes with yellow sweetnesse,
though perhaps the nettle, or other
ranck flower be her subje&: And I
should wrong your judgments with
censorious severity, should I think so
bad of you, as but to suppose otherwise,
then that your penetrating and per-
forating intellectualls will extraict
some honey from this Aloes. Should I
like an unthrifty Cobler, have under-
layed the rotten soles of these now
worn out buskings; with the new and
A 2 costly

To the

cojly leather of applause, and sticht them up with the ends of commendation, the subject would not have born it: And I my self had playd the Parasite, and it had been Sutor ultro crepidam. Should I with Neroes Courtiers have wringed the neck of my discourse awry, and distorted it to a clawing dialect: I might have well deserved the fate of Dyonisius his Sycophants, and have been bound to a continuall ingurgitation of their spittle for drink and nourishment. Semel insanivimus omnes, saith that Poet: And sure then their mad actions may be part of an excuse for my hairbraind undertakings. And since many of them received pardon of their outrages, committed on regiment and order, let me sue out my pardon of those more enormous affronts, I have put upon sense, and ingenuity. Indeed the witty saying of a Gentleman was then most true: That in England we had not Clergie men enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough

Reader.

enough ; Clergie men we had scarce
 any , there were many extended jaws
 gaping as the mouth at Aldersgate,
 and belching forth Schisme , but no
 well ordained Divines , scarce tolle-
 rated : Our Gentlemen, were πει-
 ζομα τῆς γῆς, of the same generation
 with Frogs, Toads, and field Mice,
 formed of the slime and dirt of the
 Nation ; and animated by the heat of
 that sun which was placed in the cen-
 ter of Nols Meridian Countenance.
 Never was boorish inhumanity so
 much in fashion , never upstart pride
 more common ; and these beggars get-
 ting on horseback, shew'd the world
 a new way, how with more speed to
 ride to the Devill. We had not Jews
 enough neither, for they should by all
 means have had a tolleration ; be-
 cause ten in the hundred was out of
 fashion , and the art of Cheating was
 not sufficiently practised. These things
 thus considered , I care not if I play
 the foole too ; and since they are wan-
 ting supply the place, and stile my self
 Englands Jack pudding. I have

To the

good store of Impudence (which I procured of the Magazine which Jone had, when she was so religiously bashfull, as to ask the Dutches of Albemarle, how her Childrens portions which old Noll left them should be raised?) And I care not for neither, shall you put me out of countenance with all your dislikes, and Comments, and Paraphrases, &c. for if you do not approve, cast your eyes off to what your humour fancies more accurately. And for pride let me alone to scorn all your sayings; Pride by name and nature too was my sedulous Tutor. And as for the foolery I spoke off, I have a sufficient example in Harry the ninth, S. Richard the fourth, for where as we use alwayes to say Tom-fool, and Tom-as; they have lately petitioned his Majestie, that reverent title may be shown by their Coats, and that they for ever maybe accounted the Patrons and magnificent Champions of that ridic'ous and thrice merry seel and association. Thus Gentle Reader, being accoutred, I
fear

Reader.

fear not your batteries. But I doubt, should this Pamphlet meet with the Ghost of St. Harrison, it would grow pale with amazement, and be quite out of countenance. And truly now I speak of him, they say Peters upbraids him extreamly, because being alive, he condemned all civil Judicatures, now being dead, he countenances the whole Bench, and out faces the whole Tribe of Lawyers; and alwayes staves last in the Hall. Harrison affirms the contrary, and sayes its out of zeale to the good Old Cause his quondam Strumpet (with whom he so often committed Fornication) for since he cannot speake to them in contempt, nor bite them in revenge, he's zealously resolved to shew his teeth and grin at them, if by any means he may affright them. And truly as they did not well accord living, so now, the living & the dead fall out and law it accordingly. Titchburn that namesake of Tibourn, which as there's but two letters difference; so there's scarce two steps between him and the fate

To the

fate of being a Knight of the three corner'd Cap : This Cathern jaw'd Elfe, pines at the great dispairity between Hugh Peters beard and his ; and hath sued him in Hels Chancery for his Legacy ; he should have sent him from Charing Crosse, viz. his Beard. Rhadamanthus, (that is, Bradshaw) is the Umpire in the nicety, and Hugh pleades he hath drunk Lethe and forgot it. Whereupon the President dismiss them with Council first for the Plaintiff, sent to him by Gaffar Lenthall and Oliver St. Johns ; the two letter-carriers between the Quandam Halter-man and him, viz. I will and require thee, O thou faint-hearted dildo, to rest satisfied till thy turn comes, and thy exaltation is at hand ; and then by vertue of the mists of Thamesis and its uncleous vapours thou shalt fructify in the jaw to so great a plenitude, that by Lammas it may be mowen, and sold to the Plasterers to binde their mortar. To Hugh thus be thundred, Oh thou Impe of ignorance and Wee-sell

Reader.

sell of wit, boast not thy self of thy
bristled turnpikes, lay but thy hand
upon thy crown, and thou shalt feele
the effects of the Butchers wife, boast
not therefore least thy jaws be singed.

There was lately (Courteous Rea-
der) a great and solemn meeting of
the three grand Rebbels of this Na-
tion, how their bodies were animated
and enlivened judge you: But they
all met, and afterwards in a solemn
manner laid their heads together,
from whence some dangerous, very
dangerous plot and disaster may be
expected. I shall treat of them in
their order: The first that appeared
was one who in his Traiterous prospe-
rity would have scared the Devil, and
have vyed fires with Hell it self with
his complexion; but now appearing
offended not the Eye so much as the
Nose, and by stench and noisome va-
pours proclaimed a State, and the
Supremacy of a Noli me tangere,
I pray you stand off. Thus doe
troublesome and obnoxious persons e-
qually disturbe in all dispensations
alive

To the

alive none but those Bastard Eagles
whose hardy and unrelenting Optick
could gaze on, and rejoyce over the
bideously murdered Corps of a graci-
ous and Thrice blessed Prince: None
of such Birds of prey were able to
withstand the confounding rayes and
sulphurus beams of his ominall coun-
tenance, which affrighted all loyall
and natural eyes, as if they had been
plannet-struck: Dead, none but col-
legiates in the same infernall resi-
dence, were able to breath in that fa-
tall aire which he had corrupted:
Those excepted, whose extasied souls
ravished with joy of his condigne pu-
nishment, by excesse of exalted spirits
did themselves injuries, rather then
omit the sight of so perfidious a mon-
ster. So that alive, he offended the
Eyes with his Nose, dead, he afflicted
the Nose for the Eyes curiosity. The
second was a limbe of the same feind,
his Son in Law, a man as bad as him-
self in desires, though the great Devil
kept his equall under, one that lost his
life, because he never found the true
use

Reader.

use of it. A man of approved mettle
and mischief, and for his perpetual
Infamy, one of Nols Nymphs. The
Third a piece of lack latine, a Law-
yer who experimentally knew a tenure
in Capite by Grand Serjeanty near
Paddington. A man of learning,
and a second Dr Faustus, though he
rendred all but himself infelices most
miserable: A president to follow
whose example did necessarily include
perdition: A president whose brazen
front feared not impiously to condemn
his Sovereign and martyr his King.
And to summe up all, one that made
Religion a Cloake to shrow'd all vil-
lanies and conceale them. The first
had his gifts been graces, might have
attained the honor of an Albemarle,
and eternized his name with honour-
able titles, more glorious than infam-
ous: And the rest of his helbonds
had not they hunted counter and con-
fusedly, might have catcht the haire
of order, and obtained the game of di-
scipline, and then would the world
have shouted, and ecchoed forth their
praises

To the

praises and commendations. These had their grand meeting at a convenient place, convenient for its figure, each man his corner, convenient for its situation in a by and mischievous place; Convenient for its use, a place befitting their deserts, and suiting their Treason. But being scared somewhat, they resolved to lay their jowl heads together, and the place of meeting was under a dust basket, where being something stounded at the treatment, sued an exaltation. These three me thinks are the Morrall of Cerberus; and were indeed the bellish porters too let in confusion into the land; and I believe have the Sop of reward by this time abundantly bestowed upon them. Something may be said of them as of Maximus, they were valiant, and victorious, but Tyrannicall Usurpation, and Murderous Regicidation spoiled the Markets of their swelling honour, and poisoned their names with the guilt of Perjury. Then Apollonius Thianæus his experiment, that he in his travels observed

Reader.

s. These was abundantly verified, for the
a conu. proud then did command the humble,
s figure, the quarrellous the quiet, the Tyrant
nient for the Just : And the greatest Thieves
chievour and most detestable Murderous hang
a place the Innocent. It was asked one what
l suiting exploits he had done in the Low
ed some Countries ? O quoth he, I cut of a
eir joult. Spanyards legs, reply being made, it
of meet. had been something if he had cut off
, where his Head : Oh, saith he, you must con-
be treat. sider the head was off before. But
ese three these impious scoundrels first made a
Cerber. decollation, and deprived us of the
lish por. blessed Head of our body Politick, and
be land; afterwards cut off the legs too, and al-
reward together left it a mishapen trunk;
ed upon exanimate and deformed. But thus
of them much for my Apology, for some of my
valiant, first Essayes ; If a Hide Park Lady
call U. chance to be offended with any thing,
gicida. she may think concerns her honour ;
ir swel. all I can say to such Monsters, who
names when nature hath given them but one
hen A. spot, affects an hundred, and set the
experi. fashion of their Secrets in their faces
bserved without blushing : All that I shall say

To the

to them, is what one said of Scandal.
If I do not deserve, saith he, what
thrown upon me, my life will give
them the lye: If I do, its my duety
be patient and amend: If Ladies
your vertuous modesty vyes splendour
with your faces, and ingenuity be
prevallent as beauty, then I rejoice
to finde an exception from the genera
rule, and to be proved a Lyar; but
rampish lust and damnable pride,
marring what God made, and making
your selves party per pale Blackmore
in part, in part English: If the insatiable
appetite must have the conveniency
of Gallants, and new sorts of
impieties are found out for titillation
and Sodomy; Pardon me then if I
guesse at your lives, and tell your
faults. As for those Covetous Misers
and scraping Hags, whose fate it is
to grovell in minerals, till the damp
of death saves the Hangman a labor.
All I shall accost them with, is what
naturalists observe of these Countreies
where Gold Mines are plentiful; the
ground is alwaies barren and unfruitful

Reader.

fruitfull. So say I to you, Quid
non on mortalia pectora cogit? Au-
ri Sacra famos. This greedy worm
of muck desire will seduce thee to most
impious enormities, and render thy
soule unfruitfull of the least goodness.
But I shall make the Porch bigger
then the House if I proceed any fur-
ther; I shall therefore desire you to
look upon these fooleries, as the di-
versions of a solitary life, and as the
refreshments of a young brain in these
sad dayes, when Government lay a
bleeding, and loyalty was accounted
frenzy And let the carping Reader
mend what he sees amiss in these pu-
errill exercises, and he that cannot
better it, let him learn to hold his
peace: If any like it, I am content,
if no body are pleased, I am still con-
tent, and will be in spight of the most
Critricall judgements; And so adieu.

To



*To his much esteemed friend,
K. W. Congratulating his
Characters,*

CEase, Cease, you scribling
puny Pamphleteeres;
See here a more Elustrious
Pen appeares;
Poore pedling Poetasters,
you may scoule,
And weeping *Polyhymne*
may go howle:
Your Markets spoild, but if
you needs must use
Your wonted trade, send
out some backey muse,
On *Pegasus* in Post
to tell about;
That late, a new borne Star
hath been found out:
Wits Comits therefore, now
snuff out the Blaze,
On which the vulgar so
with wonder gaze;

¶ Send

Send home your borrowed
Vapours, and restore
That light, by which
you shin'd so bright before.
This new rise Planet
with his infant Light;
Out shines you all, being
mounted at your height.
O then, if by the dawning
we may guesse,
Of the insuing day,
what happynesse
Will thy high noon produce,
thou needs must bring,
A fruitfull Summer,
but so good a Spring.
And if in Prentiship
thou thus erect,
Thou sure at last
must be wits Architect

L. G. A. C. G.

owed

To the Ladies.

efore.

t;

g

ght.

ing

duce,

g,

et

Short hand and Characters
in sense agree,
Then what care I (sweet Ladies)
if you see,
Your selves epitomiz'd,
you'd blush i' me sure
Should I tell all,
and not the light endure.
Ciphers are Characters,
and you I know
Do love to have your I,
Turn'd to an O.
And think it no unhappy
Cipher when,
Circles and figures are
made out by men;
And say it makes a summe,
because your I
Was set before the O's
Supremacy.

Say not that 'cause of shortness
I do err,
Since you'r decypherd
in a Character.
You Ladies, long and large
I know do fancy,
But not reproofs;
but such things as did nansfe
Praise in Hide-Parke and wish
for, when she see
The fifth leg of a Stone-horse
Rampant i' be;
Therefore to you Ile scarce
direct my stuff,
You brevity despise
and hate reproof.

K. W.

Characters,

ness

Characters.

an
wish

se

W.

ers,

A Courtier, is one of *Apulci-*
us's Golden Asses, whose
fine cloths hang about his Body
as the painted cloth before
the men that act a puppet
play; only to abscond, and vail
his simplicity from the eyes of
the vulgar, and to put a seem-
ing shew of generosity in his gar-
ments and habiliment: though
in truth and verity he's but a
meergew-gaw. He is one of *Æ-*
sops fable verified; proud, prick-
eard, fillies, masqued in the gor-
geous, and majestick attire of an
heroical Lyon; for though he
bridles it, and looks aloft on
those he calls the inferior (*i. e.*
those that have not as fantasti-
call an attire as himself.) yet he
himself, *infra*, beneath or rather
within his gay *antimask*; (I mean
in his intellectuals, and internal
accomplishments, is as pittifull a
P. B. 41 piece

peice of mortality, if he once comes to the exercise of the minde, as that lazie Tinker who (is reported to have) layed down his wallet to fart ! But lets trace him a little, and follow him from his forme, or nest. The first step he takes is, it may be to the University, whether his good old Syre sends him, to store himself with solid, & substantiall erudition though he only pranks up his fancy with the swellingtitle (of fellow-commoner) because the first aspect of his velvet, is a cogent argument to obtain freeness of accessse to his Landresse or Butlers Daughter, or other town Doxies. And its upon them, & to redeem their favor, and purchase a smile from them, that he sends so many St. Georges to an eternal errantry never to returne to his burnt bostometh pocked. These he reverenceth with the title of faire Lady, as he doth the Court minions (those

(those paramours of lust, and in-
veaglers to debauchery) with
his now more affected and mo-
dish congratulations. His Tu-
tor perhaps takes paines with
him in his Logick, but he neither
can nor will understand any
term but that of a *non entity* be-
cause he is conscious to himself
he's no schollar. A thought of
smagletius terrifies and affrights
him as much as *compossibilitas* and
incompossibilitas, did noble Ran-
dolphs simpliciis, perhaps if he
be somewhat of *Balam's* temper,
that would be accounted a good
Conjurer, but wo'nt take pains,
then he steeps and souseth his
memory with a few hard words,
and broken sentences, and there-
by gets and obtains his end, viz.
the reputation of a good schol-
lar, amongst his fellows; that
do as much fear the rattling
discord of such harsh sounding,
noddle puzzling sequepedalian
words, as ever that white-liver'd

Monarch did Thunder, or as the flattering of a cadent Brickbat. Here also he learns to buss his hand, make a leg, pluck off the hat, and to go aloof off, of the fashion; to be impudent, court a Strumpet methodically, and that without the former ruine of his Buttons and Bandstrings, to be drunk, sing and roare out bawdy Catches, and then by this time, he's fit for *Graves Inn*, or some other Inns of Court.

Now his Father sends for him home, thinking his son to be a good proficient, when he's in the same form with that storied lack latting, that invented the upstart Latine of *Stonum bonum crowpe-skawcedum*. Well, after he hath made his Fathers man drunk, & the rest of the company merry, he obeys his Fathers injunctions, and up rides he to *London* the next Term to be initiated at the Inns of Court and throw away five pounds. And now he begins to get a step higher. Here

Here he meets with some of his *quondam* acquaintance, and then march they, and enter him in a bawdy-house, where after he hath been well squeezed in his Pockets by the Hectors, he begins to learn some policy in wickedness: He mindes nothing lesse than *Littleton*, and can shew no Tenure of his wit, but that he hath it a Fee-simple. He thinks it a mode to come home late drunk, and so to quarrel and gets his pate broken; and by that means he knows what it is to hold in *Capite*. He gets the *French Cranckums*, and so knows what it is to have a Tenure in *Taile*. He Games himself into debt, and Rants himself into pawnings, & by an Arrest and Forfeiture, knows the nature of petty Serjeants and a Mortgage. Thus he runs divisions upon Sr. *Edward Cook*; by experimental Annotations. This long since he did begins, *Patrios inquirere in annos*,

thinking in his heart, it is a sin for any Father to live after his eldest son is twenty one, and now it may be by this time, the old man takes an occasion to march off, and depart; And then my Gentleman gets him a Wife *procreandi causa*, and comes up to London, and turns Courtier, or as it commonly happens, turns no better then Stallion for other mens Ladies, as other men do for his. Now his lust is at the height, and his Pride hath its *ne plus ultra*. His onely work is to set the Tailor on work for his allwayes a translating his suits, and loves to show himself singular in his fancies. He adores his Minnions Trophies, or rump knots more than God, and fears the want of erection, and warm blood, more then the Devill, and that makes him so duellize and quarrell for the one, and take such provocative in censitive Medicines for the other. In the
Winter

Winter Cards, Dice, Balls and Venery are his Religion and recreation; but in all gaming, he thinks he's bound to loose if his Purse plays against him. In the Spring my Lady and her Leaper hurry to *Hide-park*, and then my ruffling gallant turns Coachman, & hurries her to the lodge, *Spring-gardens*, and *Mulbury-gardens*, and there they frolick it a little, and so to prick-penny. And now he is at the height of his atchievements, and if he can but gain the art of flattering, or colloguing, he thinks himself the best man in Christendome. After all his wilde Oats are well sown, and his Wife hath well loaded him with Bearns, he begins to grow a little more serious, and then his aimes may be towards state affairs, and his designs are to insinuate into such a place of dignity as he may be called a statesman, but you'd guesse him a conceited one——

A conceited Statesman.

A Conceited Statesman, is one that thinks more of himself than others dare; and the higher he thinks to soare in the opinion of the multitude, the more he unvailes his own imbecility, and renders himself pellucid; his State maximes are as few as his designs, and they come just to nothing; for all his aym is to make a show in the world, and so he doth, though it is but a foolish one. When he sits in consultation, he knows not how to drive away the time, but by nodding, and by his sleep makes it manifest, he is silently consulting with his pillow, if he chances to put in a word by the by; for he speaks in a Parenthesis, he doth it with a great deale of deliberation, so to make men
imagine

imagine the matter to be weighty and of importance; when a-lasse, it is onely to pick out a little sense out of his nonsensicall imaginations. So that it may be said of all his productions, *Parturiunt montes nascetur.*

——— *viciculus mus.*

For like that Cardinals stately sumpture-horses lading, though he may promise some policy in his feigned aspect; yet when by chance he overthows the burden of his thoughts by an Oration, (which is an offence to him) he discovers the old shoes, and empty marribones of his barren pericranium. Other mens speeches and motions he never minds, for his warch, his gold fringed gloves and fowre faces, take up all the time.

If he hath any Traffique, or dealing with his Superiours, his conceited coxcomb vents its own simplicity, without interrogation, for by his affected studiouness

ness to seem grave and prudent, he renders his unpollisht and incult intellect more conspicuous. If his discourse be with an equal then by thinking himself the best man in the company, he shows he hath quite forgot, or never read the first great consideration of a Statesman, (*viz. cognoscere seipsum*) for he whose aspiring mind will not condescend to the thoughts of its own state, will never have brains enough to consider of any thing, that is or may be apparently good for a State or Kingdome. If his inferiours are with him, he vents other mens motions for his own, and some of his own too if he can remember them; and never concludes without a self applause, *viz.* was it not a good motion: now he bewrays his ignorance in policy, by declaring State-Councils to the Vulgar, whose conceits of Politique notions are as crude and raw as his own. And though he
may

may think himself fit to be a Privy Counsellor yet for my part I think him a fitter man to be Councillor in a privy. If he rides down into the Country, he makes the silly Swaines there adore him as a god, whom indeed they may esteem beneath a man; and when death comes, all that he leaves behinde him, signifies but thus much o. viz. a cypher.

A meere Polititian.

IS one whom if one should trace from the beginning, we might finde him a man of good parts, though of low condicion; one of a sharp wit, contriving head piece, resolute minde, strong body and constitution, though the first is blunted for lack of exercise, the second scanted for lack of matter, the third and fourth

au-

augmented by want and experience: Some of these have been so ingenious, as to hammer Alls into Rapiers, Lasts into Lifts, Neats Leather into Buff-Coats, and themselves out of a narrow stall into a spacious Field in the head of an Army. Others by continual use of brasse, have so brazed their Faces, and steeled their Consciences, that they shame not to use Pole Axes in lieu of Hammers, and to make the Tinkers Character true indeed, viz. Under a pretence of mending the holes, and crevices of a decayed State, have rended and cloven in sunder a whole Republique. Others by the vertue of Malt have acquired such an excellent faculty; that they can sling a State into a new *de corum*; and after a purging and cleansing of (as they pretend) the musty cask of a Kingdome, bung it up with the salt and clay of a Commonwealth and Lord Protector.

testor. And all, or any of them (by this time) have learnt the trade of policies, and therefore we shew their acquired experimental principals. Their first principall apparent (and truly that is all) (after they have winded themselves up to this pitch of credit, and have got the Hosanna of the Vulgar) is the good, the spiritual good of the Republic; and here they follow the example of repairers, who pull down for edification. And the former, good, old, wholesome, Rites and Customes, not onely of a Nation in generall, but also of all Reformed Churches, according to the Apostolical Faith; must be brought under the notion of Superstition and Idolatry. Now these politique Moles begin to cast up the solid mold of Religion, into loose and discontinued heaps of conscientius Liberty; that so this like one of the Devils Moustraps may allure the pillidging

pillidging Mice of a state to compliance in wickednesse.

Now the Mask of all their proceeding is Reformation; i. e. to reduce a Nation into their power, unto their bow. The Bible is the Standard of their Actions, till politique Necessity forces their feigned reality to a disobedience.

A second principall is flattery, and colloguing with all parties; promising mountains, but performing nought but such mole-hill actions as breed and produce nothing but a multitude of Pillants, and Vermins of his own constitution. Now by his overmuch seeming affability, he shews his servill and ignoble nature: which will do any thing to procure it self a sound of fame, which will availe him little; but to be an *indicium* of his own vacuity, and emptines of all solidity; and his repliatnesse of insipid aierial and light whimsies. Promised .

mis'd preferment is all his reward to them perhaps, who deserve better than himself:

But his third Principall, is to lay by (either by picking a quarrell with, or devising plots against) such as have been his coadjutors to this Commetique serenity.) And now he begins to play the Devill on Earth, who if he mends not his manners, may work with the Devill in Hell. By fasting he ripens his wits to contrive plots; and when this is done, he draws in the rich, and wealthy of the Nation, by his Promoters, and thinks now to make his sequestration and forfeiture lawfull in the eyes of the Vulgar. He gives thanks for his good success in these Tyrannical conceits, under pretence of gratitude, for a deliverance: and so it is; for by this means, viz. by cheating, and trappanning others of their Estates: he delivers

delivers his Children, and kinsmen from their naturall slavery and wonted beggery. *Unum pro multis dabitur caput*, is another rule and his best to, if he knew how to use it as he should, but that is inflicted upon the innocent: and those whose crimes are as red as his nose (for that cannot but reflect the colour of that bloud he hath spilt) go not only scotfree: but rewarded also and advanced.

He now is a pure free-man only he is a little overswayed with the voluminous bulke of that Army; whose idle lives hate the mention of a reversion to their wonted druggery. These he maintains not with his purse; but by his wits, and by his taxes lays himself liable to be taxed of Tyranny, and at the end levies his own ruine.

He never makes conscience of any former protestations, but seeing his body decayed, thinks to establish

establiſh other mens labours, on his own progeny, and juſt before he hath done Councelling his wilde ſon, he is blown away with a blaſt, and the ſnuff of his life will ſtink this twelve months.

This is the head generall politician, private ones differ only in degrees. To undermin competitors, for the ſame place is one deſigne, and thus they do by dawbing over their ſtinking conditions, to their ſuperiours, with the ſpecious ſhew of humility, and devotion; and by threatening or alluring their inferiors into a compliance (by their acclamations) to their deſigns having once got his head into the riſing clymate never leaves winding his muddy head-piece, to an aſpiring higher, till he it may be grows ſhorter by the head; and takes the recompence of his knavery on a block. And there we'l leave him, leaſt further anat-

C mizing

misling his politicall body, we discharge such a stench of iniquity as may new seal an honest and well meaning stomack.

An Upstart Pragmaticall.

A Parliament man is one who hath turn'd his leather breeks into the new fashion; and because he hath squeesed an estate out of the ruines of superiors, & nourished his lean carcase by the blood of his betters: Thinks he is a man sufficient, to sit at the starne of a Commonwealth; but scarce knows which way to steare, only by his hands those naturall informers; and its well to, if he knows his right hand from his left. His ambition to be great, makes his simple noddle shew its sottishnesse in Publique, whereas if the Squire and no Gentleman,

Gentleman, would have contented himself with a Justice of Peace ship, and good house-keeping; he might have been made (by the help of a good Clarke) passable in the eye of the Country.

He is so farr from that good Athenians Temper, who rejoyced there were many that deserved preferment better then himself, that he thinks himself the only man for the place, and all others in comparison of him are but like a pismire to an Elephant. You shall finde him speaking the the neighbouring towns from their voices in affected course complements, just raked from the plow taile and bedaubed with new terms and eloquent (as he accounts them) phrases and on the election day, In coms *Tobit* and his dogs following him for I know none but animals will vote for one whose wit cannot be compared to some infectiles.

He much assimilates the Sarazens head without Newgate, when his brawny bum is set upon his mens shoulders; his face being swelled with the immagination of a Chaire of State; he carries an aspect like a town bull, or a Full necked Presbyter. Now if these fools should chance to let the asse paramount salute his mother earth, with his venerable buttocks; it may well be said, like will to like, as the Devill to the Colliar.

The greatest opposition to this his designe, is the fast he must keep at *Westminster*, for there he fears an insurrection in his belly; and dare not stutfe his greasy pockets with flotten cheese; for fear of the hogoe, and his wonted enemy the rats. The first day, the man is so amazed at the new convention, and so unskilfull in the art of policy, that he takes a resolution to do no good; because he cannot speak sence; and

you

you may trust him, he hath not wit enough to do harme.

But after the newnesse of the thing grows common, and his ignorant impudence begins to take place, then who so forward as master Upstart; for he cannot tell what though he aimes at nothing but contradiction, and will hammer out a Negative, though he knows not the meaning of an Affirmative. He's so far from being sensible of a scope, that he thinks them commendations, and if any thing be done, straight he did it. He may be compared to false ware which your almost bankrupt tradesmen use in their shops (rags handsomely tied up as their other) to make a shew, but are never used; so he takes up the roome of those whose good parts, and education give them a lawfull claime to the place. If he makes a speech it is a 12. moneths study, and if his mother went three quarters

C 2

with

with him, he may justly give his barren scull a fourth to conceive and produce in: And its almost as long in speaking as in preparing; first ushered in with hems and wry faces; and farr more dangerous, for in making it, he only threatned the ruine of one blockhead in speaking, of his buttons, beard, bandstrings, and handkercheifs, a pittiful disjoyn'd peice of Tautologie, when all is done, whose incongruous matter can only unveile the miscarriages of a common nature by his own condition, but knows no more how to prescribe a likely remedy, then a Childe or schoole boy: It may be and sure it is, he doth think himself a rare prater, and so he might have been accounted amongst the popet-players for his widned throat, streacht with his former angry expostulation with byard, and dobbing have extended the noise of his Organes even to the roaring

roaring Gammut of a martiall, under pretence of Religion he sets his pragmatikall pate a working, and reforming in the country. Now all that will not worship the beast must downe even to the ground. Those that comply with his humours, and none else shal thrive under his sphere; And they are so many, that not only he of them but the house of him, and such others lacks purging. He fears this more then Hell, and would pine to death if he thought he should be out-voted the next Election; if he dies or is cast out, There is an end of him.

A Justice of Peace

IS one for the most part, whose life runs Antipodes to his name and the name I believe was first

C 4 founded

upon an Anteparistalis, for he hath not wit enough to do Justice, and the clamours of his querulous neighbours will not let him live in peace and quietness. Lets take a view of him in his domestique affairs. You shall have his puney Clarke (who because he swears others; thinks he may curse and lie by authority) ready to call him up to decide a two peny controversy, before he hath done his wife Justice, which will make her break his peace if not his Coxcombe. When he hath done with her, down he comes and hears two fools prate, and sends them with a few Justices law notions, but no lawfull realities of Justice. Hee's never so taken, and in his kingdom, as when the swearer or drunkard comes before him, then the Informer must swear, through an inch board at least, and then the sots must either pay their money which he gapes at

at (for he'll be sure to threaten an unlawfull space of time to pound them in) and then one groat goes to the Informer, one to the poor; he keeps the other eight pence for his pains, and so robs the poor, who fears his worships frowns, and reverence him outwardly, but curse him after. He is never so hard matcht, as when he meets with an understanding Yeoman, and an impudent whore: the one puts him down by his reason, and experience in the Law, the other by her impudence, and eloquent bawdry. To her his wife listens; and may be will entreat for her fellow wanton, knowing how hard a thing it is to live honestly. At the quarter Sessions out rides his worship and his maker (for it is the Clarke makes the Justice) Where meeting with his fellow simplicians, they license the most Lycentious out
of

of policy; of a future fine, and when alls done, like poor scholars, whose moneys falls short, go a begging to their Clarks (whose onely wit is in their fingers ends for a dinner, and ride home just asses as they came. No wonder the Judges are so carefull in their charges on the bench to informe the Justices of their duty; when few of them understand the law any better then Parrats, I, or ever knew the meaning of a præmuniry, or other Law term. In a Mittimus lyes their chiefeft skill; and in a Warrant they skill in the first two ways. First, By being subtill to finde out and entrap rogues, and this they do by their former practices for what so fit to unkennell a fox as the tarier which is or hath been a part of him. Secondly, By being strict in the thing made, they will be sure to put in without baile or mainprise.) The Warrants they make and Mittimus

mus are repleat with many absurdities all of kin to Sir. *Thomas Martin*, and all bigg with the same drollerys. But I will leave him and his Clarke for they always go together, the Justice being a cypher without him) to the Croude and rabble least speaking to much we undo and defame that credit he never had.

A High Constable.

IS a Gentleman by his place, though not by his education, and birth, for this his preferment, hath metamorphosed the antient titles of his progeneters, viz. gaffer, and goodman, into Master, and now he is vampe a Gentleman, and got a butten hole higher then his forefathers;
his

his first step of honour was to be the head Jury man of the great Inquests, but in all his proceedings it's a *query*, whether he understands the title. But what's the reason of this his first step, why? Because he hath squeezed a *modicum* out of the bowels of his mother earth, which hath been a supplicate to his education, to teach his callous, and clumsy paw, the ill favoured demeanure of his penne to so great a proficiency, that he doth not now as formerly set his mark, viz. a paire of Galloes, or some such scawle, but hath arrived to the mode of setting down his bald name, in his most mishapen illegable Characters.

Now he begins to give up his verdict confidently, and ignorantly, and because his dirty face is not capable of a blush, except by the reflection of the Judges robes; he presumes to set himself in the place of the company,
and

and to be their mouth to the bench, who if he were rightly examined, would be found to be a meere mouth, *i e.* a simplici-
on. When the freeholder comes to be chosen high constable, his excellency lies in his account he can give of all the towns and parishes in his Wapentacke, and the under officers thereof (as he calls them) the Corporation towns of the shire, and their jurisdiction; and this he doth to, after the manner of that pitifull fresh water Captaine, who was to instruct his followers (for I cannot call them nor him souldiers that were so raw in millitary discipline) in warlike postures, and could not by reason of his inexperience remember them: but at each command looks on the paper pin'd on his skirt, and if his eye chance to see double, he commands them to face about to the wine mill.

So this thread of an Officers
members

members, I should had said memory, being somewhat short, he will be sure to keep up his old Grandfathers custome: viz. long and large skirts, that so his skeldole may make recompence to his memory for his short dimensions.

His place makes him come to Church and heare, but a hundred to one his matted noddle is so stuf with the windy conceits of his masterhip, that there's no room for any thing but adoration. Now his cuffs hang about his clumsy fists, like dishclouts, made they are, out of the ruines of his wifes smock; whose brawny bum and course hide, will soon freet out a piece of course lockrum. His Cloak hangs on his shoulders much like a fiddlers only its somewhat fresher, and he fears to touch the sides on't, or give it a wispe under his arme, for fear his dirty clutch should grease it, and his wife scold at him

him for wrinkling his pontificallibus; but I fear a presentation next quarter Sessions, therefore good Mr. Gaffer adieu.

A Juryman Rustick.

THinks his unhewen noddle able to give a rationall account of his charge, and place at the sizes of hisen prizes, as he call them, but alas ! poor fellow the latitude of his prickears, show the whole world that they have suckt up his brains; and that his empty noddle is full of nought put conceit and self applause.

Did you but see him gape at the Judge with his lockerum jaws, when he examines in the tryal, and gives his opinion; you would almost sweare either the sot hears with his mouth, or else
the

elvie being a faint hearted puppy
 sounds at the conceit he hath
 the judges red robes, are only
 the blood of some condemned
 wretch. When he's retired to
 his considering plat, how many
 frivolous nonsensical queris doth
 he make, and when he brings in
 his verdict, he will be sure, ei-
 ther because he would be thought
 a noble person, and so fit for the
 place; or else a prudent man, and
 so fit to be regarded, he gives a
 sum of the costs and charges
 his & their pitifull pates, & indi-
 gent pericranium's think equi-
 table by Nobles, or Marks: not
 by pounds; because the thread-
 bare scrub never saw at one
 time (of his own) twenty shill.
 If he hath obtained to so high a
 measure of book learnednes (as
 he calls it) as to write, then
 he's the best of the shire, and his
 leaden pate serves to be the by-
 asse of all his wooden headed
 roundnodled associates, if his
 zeale

zeale pretended to religion, then after his verdict (as he calls it) he takes upon him to informe the iust-asses of the shire, of ill licensed Alehouses and other misdemeanours, & thinks thereby to have the credit to be accounted a man respecting the Republick good. But Sizes being over, hee's sure to have a parting blow; I mean, a hogshhead of beer in his own asses noddle; and then he Gallops a titering pace home, and the next day, falls to repenting for this (as he calls it) sin of infirmity.

Now he's turned a Diurnal in Folio, and as that, doth he informs his neighbours of an abundance of lyes; which they are bound to believe, because he's one of the twelve; and the twelfth wise man spoke it. Well, after he's pretty well empty of all his stories, then to the plow again and his daily labour; and now he neither minds God nor

D

the

the Devill, only his mother earth; and he viper-like makes no conscience of piercing and penetrating his mothers bowels; but I fear my Country men will be angry with me; but my best hope is that they cannot read, and then I hope I shall be free from their homespun execrations. However for a parting blow Master Jury man have a care of bribes and partiallity, interest and affection; for if you do the Devills work hee, be sure to pay your wages at your own Sizes.

A Church-Warden.

A Church-Warden, may be compared to a choaky peare, which though Grafted on never so good a stock, yet remains as bad and ill favoured as ever: So he by nature of a clownish, and *Nabal*-like temper; yet though he comes to the honour of the forementioned place; to be a warden or overseer of the Church, yet he still retains his own naturall ignorance and stupidity. Yet neighbours, I hope you'l respect Mr. Church Warden, for else hee'l be so farr from repairing, and mending your meeting-place, as hee'l conspire your ruine in endeavouring its downfall. Well

when all comes to all; he understands his place as much as his wife, and she, as much as her daughter; and fools all, much alike; if he chance to be of such a publique spirit, as to new transmography his Charge; then to be sure he sets his name up in large characters; as if he thought men were so much like him, as to worship and adore such a pitifull piece of mortallity. But woe be to his breeks when he gives up his accounts, which like that subtil Roman he seeks not to do, rather then to do, but i'll leave him and his Parish, to reckon with this cipher.

A Bailly or Serjeant,

A Serieant is one of the Devils Tinderbrxes, prepared to take and receive the fire of malice into his clutches, and use it accordingly, tutch and go, touch and take. Hee's made up of the ruines of poor men, and rioting of rich; and all's fish that comes to his net; he's the Tumbler; the lercher of a City, Corporation, County or Shire, the very Puss-cat, that watches the proceedings and creepings abroad of his Timorous mice. Take him simply out of his Authority, and he's a pretty piece of impudence; a

D 3

kinde

kinde of pretender to some knowledge of the Law, as to the practique part; and then I cannot wonder at that Epitaph upon that honest Lawyer, viz.

*God works wonders now and then
Here lyes a Lawyer an honest man.*

Since their practice is much like that of the Devills, to go about like roaring Lions seeking whom they may devoure. But alasse, all his knowledge amounts no farther then petty ignorance; for he's only skild in the negative part of the Law, viz. you shall never go out of prison except you pay me my fee. His principals, if he deal with a poor man are to lye and sweare to lye making him believe some strange disasters will befall, unlesse he compound so & so; or purchase him to be his friend; when as he plays Jack of both sides, and is feed by one side to speak in his behalf to the creditor, and on the

the other to terrify and affrighten the debtor, thus he plays the *hocus pocus* on both sides, and laughs in his sleeve too when he's at home. If he deals with a rich and crafty knave, then he's at a losse; and because he cannot play the knave he'll be sure to play the fool, and humour all sides. But he excells only in his politick art of Cunny caching: Hee's a notable man to bring about his catchpole designes, for just like the Devil, he deals with every man according to his temper and inclination.

If he hath the wit to clap up a covetous man; he enveagles him with the shoeinghorne of a fine bargaine: (and this he doth by a proxie, for fear of distrust) and takes him in the way, and and carries him to make the bargaine in the Counter; or prison in stead of the Taverne or Ale-houses: and then tells him he hath done him a courtesie in saving his money.

If with a friend that he thinks will not mistrust him, he invites him to dinner, and feeds him with a messe of forfeiture, and makes the Counter his drawing roome; but for all his art he's sometime met with, and though he and most of his complices are good lusty pupies, yet they sometimes come short home, and that by weeping crosse. As for your City Kestrel, he's never so much puzled; as when he's hired to Arrest an Ins of Court Gentleman. Then he ventures the infernall pit of a bogg house and the pilgrim salve of a perfumed dogs turd. Its worth ones sight to see how pittifully he sneaks up and down, for fear the wals should discover his lerching knavery.

But if he chance to light of his pray, oh how he domineers and Lords it, and by how much the more he stood in fear, by so much the more he takes upon him.

him. But if once he's catcht as
Mosse took his Mare, *i e* Nap-
 ping. Then the mercifull gen-
 tlemen make him an Anabaptist,
 and fitting it is he should be
 washt and made clean, who be-
 fore acted Alderman *Atkins*. And
 because they'd have one hand-
 some, he shall be sure have a
 trimming, though he look af-
 ter it, like a Calfe halie luck'r.
 But my sub ect be ins to soell
 before he comes to his last seafo-
 ning; I shall only say, that the
 whole rout o' them may justly
 be ranked in the number of hell
 hounds, for their counter is hell,
 the master of it Belzebub, and
 the Petty foggers his ministring
 friends, to fetch him in his lively
 hood,

A Lawyer in Common.

A Common Lawyer hath been a piece of a scholler in his time; though through his continual use and accustomednesse to break *Priscians* head, and coin new words; he makes no conscience of breaking Oaths and men, and of finding new tricks to make a good cause bad, and a bad good. This his Trade he learns by degrees; and from petty poverty proceeds to petty Villany, and grand Knavery. Come to this money-monger without a Fee, and he'll look on you (as the old saying is) as the Devill look't over *Lincoln*, with a squint eye, and a bent brow, just as if he was some *Don* of the Nation;

Nation; But pluck but out your
Chink, oh! then, this melts his
heart, and dissolves his tongue
into Complements; Now he's
your humble servant at least; and
he'll be sure to make you two Pro-
testations, but perform neither,
viz. to be faithfull and carefull.
And this appears, by his taking
of Fees on both sides, and so
playing the Neuter. Thus mo-
ney is the very soule, the life, the
Nerves, Sinews, Muscles and Ar-
teries of a Lawyer; This is his
forma informans, it transforms
too, for he'll do or be any thing
to every body by virtue of this
enchantment: Money is the
Lawyers loadstone, and let him
but come within ken of it, and
hee'll do any thing rather than
miss his *modicum*. This is one of
the Politique Moles of a Com-
monwealth: And take him out
of this his silver Element, and he
presently with his brother gives
up the Ghost and dyes, being de-
prived

prived of his proper nutriment This is one of *Midas* his consanguinity, for though he hath not his fortune, yet he desires it; and under a pretence of Religion, accounts *sewter* and *Brasse* unsanctified mettles. All these mans wits lies in his fingers ends; for writing and receiving take up his whole time, except when at the Barr, his tongue being before hand oyled with juice of *Georges*.

But alasse, all trades must live, and ther's an art in every trade, they say: But this is a devilish one i'mesure; to scrue out a fortune out of the ruines of poor men, and pluck them down for self edification. I wonder the good houswives don't purchase these fellows, to spare their candles, for he's an excellent pro-longer, he'll spin a cause out to the very last end; and strives how to continue a Suit from generation to generation.

Thus

Thus if he finds his circular motives, (money I mean) fluent. But this beginning to faile, then he begins to lag and laze like a tired Jade, and then it must be put to Arbitration, I that it must. So that money is the Lawyers whip and spur, and they like rusty ill conditioned Jades, woun't go one step without it: Thus in the whole course of a Lawyer practice money doth the feat, and hath a mighty restorative faculty to loose their tongues, supple their joynts, and to enable them to say at least your businesse shall be done. These mens chief employment is in Term time, and then like so many Bees, they are very busie in sucking their Clients. They have no time to think of God nor the Devill then; and observe it when you will, a Lawyer never dyes but in the long Vocation; And if death comes then with a *habeas corpus* he is so much at leisure

leisure he cannot put in baile to the action: And to speak truth, I believe the very grief they sustaine by thinking of so long vacancy, and detainour, from their *spiritus vitalis*; money, pines and *macerates* their bodys to skeletons and make them degenerate so as to be but fit to be *Plutos* or *Minos* his under Clerkes.

An Informer.

IS one of the Devils by blows, or rather one of his lawfully begotten Bastards, and he takes right after his Sire; he plays his two parts exactly, which are to tempt and accuse; If you did but see him sneak and intrude into Gentlemens company
you

you would conclude him to be some tooth-drawing Quack-salver, and he looks much like those brazen-faced fellows, who go about to show slight of hand, and feats of activity. His dam was for certain some loose clackt bitch or other; and he is so far from being tongue tyed, that he walks quite cantipodes to the precept here, see & say nothing. The colloguing gull makes it a piece of his trade; nay his whole occupation to provoke and exasperate me into some hasty expressions; and then he himself; because he would be thought the States benefactour, adds to the story, and makes it at least Treason or Sequestration; Thus he trapans men into Plots, and then discovers never intended designs; and though he himself be the chief and principal agent, yet he must be the grand witness; *Signior Swarer*.

Thus the blinking polititious
of

of our times, make use of these
flattering and these inroaching,
dissembling varlers, that there-
by they may hit their marke, the
Wigeons and Wilde geese of the
Kingdome. But that you may
beware of this peece of formality,
this upstart Shoemaker, or ra-
ther Tinker, let me give you the
markes of the rogue, and braid
his body all over, his hand hath
had it already.

And here I must do as men
that climbe up a Ladder, begin
at the lower end, and so at last
come to the roof of this thatcht
noddle reprobate.

His feet are altogether unclean,
he doth not deuide the hoofe,
and therefore excommunicate
his paths. Yet he'll dance after
every bodys pipe, and turne any
thing, that at last he may catch
something.

Did you but see him dance
(for you must know he keeps all
companies) you'd swear he
were

were some Weaver; for his legs and his hands go much after the same rate; but he stinks already, his quick motion and speedy vamping from place to place, to gull Novices, makes him smell like a traveller; the Hogo of the oyle of splay foot.

But to take a long step, and stride over his ungodly gut, that powdering tub of a gormandizing glutton, that pantry of mine'd meat.

Let us proceed to his Breast, Neck, Hands, and shoulders (for I doubt he'll inform if I stay too long on him) His Breast that is much like a Haglers Panyer, full of rotten eggs, all to be fill'd with the empty shets of foolery, and the rotten yoalks of some stinking undermining enterprizes: His Neck resembles rather a Jew than a Christian: And his extending his noddle, and straining his crag under some eves, or in some whispering company, to

E. over

over-hear their discourse, hath brought it to so prodigious a length. His shoulders are of such a latitude, you'd take him to be a porter; and if you knew him you'd swear he carried his weighty news on his back, but I dare scarce handle his goss, least this pitch defile me, but follow him home, and there you shall see him a writing down all in dismall Characters.

But as for his nodle that sanctified piece of Timber (I wonder some great man don't beg it to set it over a paire of great gates) this same matted cock-combe of his, is alwaies working, but alas, how many abortive births doth it bring fourth, scarce any take, but candor & clemency are in fault, not his projects: me thinks this sowing nodle would make a pretty good football. it is light and full of winde, shave off but the Coblers ends it sow'd with, and it would fly
excellent

excellent well. I, but what shall we do with his ears if he hath any, for a hundred to one, if they are not at *York* and *London*. Why his reverend ears would serve very well for two leathern patches, to sow to each side his flapt jaws, for this brother hath got too much of the gift of utterance; and we will stop the mishapen holes widdowed of their flipflops, with pitch and rozen, least there still he retaine also too much of the faculty of enterance. His eyes are pretty full goggles, dainty rollers; and he can see plots; with them see as well as with his ears heare plots. Well, take this monster all together, and hees a club footed, hamble shanck't, burstengutted, long-neck't, rattlenodded, large lugg'd eagle ey'd *Hircoceros*, a meere chimera, one of the Devils best boys; but having served him an Apprentiship he's now set up for himself, and came out with

his wares the last Summer ca-
ve tertio.

A Flatterer.

A Flatterer is much of the
same molde, with the legs
and feet of *Nebucadnezers* imma-
gined Image; part of iron and
part of clay, just such another
Linse-wolsee piece of States poli-
cy; a *hogan mogan* time-server;
he's the meere bolderdash of a
Commonwealth. Much of the
same nature with our late *Crom-
welst* viz. *Carrington* that parsons
part of a Historian; that stiles
that a compleat History;
which is only the lees of a few
conceited actions, settled in the
musty caske of his one hogthead
nodle.

nodle, and squeezed into the form of a Pamphlet, by the favour of a Printing Presse.

But to knock out the head of this musty vessell, i'll only say thus much, and so turne him over to the females, for a washing tub, viz. that he and his fellows deserve the same fortune that befell that flattering judge, who so farr complying with his incestuous Lord, is to tell him, the King might do what he pleased, was at last by the same Monarch excoriated and served just as the women in Cheapside do their Eeles, and his winding hide hanged over the place of judicature for an example of partiality and flattering.

But to come to my cringing twining willow; this piece of a panyer makers Osiar, O how observant is he in all his joynts to imitate any of the deformed postures of his conceited Master, but when he's in any of

his inferiors company, then the
stately foole vaunts and rants
his authority in the Court; and
you had as good seek Gold in
the aire, or a needle, as the pro-
verb is, in a bottle of hay, as
extract any courtesy out of the
minerall of his iron breast: but
this is one of the Generals that
is in the ranck; and he makes it
his whole businesse to informe
his Majesty of things never done,
and to be sure in any Councill,
right or wrong he'll squeeze out
arguments, from his spungy no-
dle, to second his Lords minde,
though never so opposite to
right reason. But there are
some of a lower ranck; trencher
flatterers, and these hungry
villains have so starved their
brains, that they lack wit to do
it slyly and cunningly, ile leave
them therefore in the great
mans Kitching, they may serve
there to scrape trenchers, or
by their good noses to scent out
dinners

dinners, and may perhaps make the man good tarrriors and help him to unkennel the Fox. But these *Dons*, of flattery, they have by the addition of years learned their trade perfectly, got just into the nick, and all that they say is true, now in the flatterers account: they will not stick to performe the most unworthy action and unbeseeming a man, that they may gain their princes favour: I could heartily wish that that flatterer of *Dionysius*, who licking his spittle from the ground, cryed it was nectar, might have been forced all his life time to eat his dung and other excrements, for *Ambrosia* and *Nepenthe*. And I can scarce believe but our forementioned Historian, had we but observed him Painted his one nose; and tainted it with a sanguine and copper tincture and complexion; in resemblance of his Mr. frey nostrills. I wonder he did

not fall off a Coachbox too for company, that so he might the better have described his Mr. patience, in enduring that accident. I can resemble him, and the rest of his clawing colloquing brethren to no other then a Spanniel; whose fawning eloquence may for a time get them some favour, but their exile commonly is the Epilogue, the last act of a Tragedy; seldome or never any of them make a Comick end. I cannot but aver their motive to this temper, and deportment is a cowardly fear of the discovery of their own unfitness for state affairs, joyned with a great ambition of being favorites, and these two put together, makes them turne land-water Spaniels, all's good that their Master doth; their either for Duck or Partridge. But to conclude, These men are the very vermine of a Commonwealth; and all of them so much
the

the more detestable, by how much the more they are known to speak against their own consciences, and against the light of naturall reason.

Of a Temperizer.

IT is storied by St. *Jerome* in the life of *Hikarius*, that there was a woman, that to every body appeared a beast, to *Hilarins* only a woman. The same may be safely averred of this Sr. *John Weathercock*, he seems to all men a fool, a beast that changes his coat upon every new spring of alteration in government; To himself only he seems a politique *Don*: the only wise man. This Puppet of policy differs; from the foregoing *Spanniel* of fawnery

fawnery : only in time and degrees. For you shall seldome read of a flatterer out live his Lord, it is well if he hold out so long but this politique tumbler, skips and hops into diversity of changing States, and makes that his rule; never to be so publick for the present state, as to lye liable to be called in question, for it when it changes; nor never to be so private and close as to stand neuter in an alteration, so that he thinks himself the only Jack pudding of wit, the only Juggler in the art of Policy. This *Polypus*, changes his colour, and makes it identicall with the present state, under w^{ch} he lives. If he be a Minister; he'll have a Surplice, for the Bishop a Gowne, with the Modern Presbyter, a Cloak, with an Independing *Peters*. And if times change into Popery, he'll have a cule with the Monk. And as the fatt Monk said (when Abbeyes were a going down,

down, and he obtained a pension,
claping his hand on his belly.
Modo hoc fit bene, whats matter
for Religion, now he had provi-
ded for his gut) and rather then
stick out, turne shrivers, in
Nuneries.

It Statesmen then, Monarchy,
Aristocracy, Democracy, are all
best all most for the good of a
Nation. But whether he be this
or the other it matters not much
they agree in their principles, its
good to keep in a whole skin.
These are the true and reall
knights of the Post who sweare
and forswear, and all in a breath.
If they live under a Kingly Go-
vernment, then they can swal-
low a Covenant with a great deal
of formality; with the right
squint and goggle of the Eye.
But if the tyde turns; then they
think themselves engaged to for-
swear themselves And turn
their former *Hosanna* into be-
heading accents. Now they must
dye

dye their faces with the Vermilion blush of an Engagement: And sing with the Poet,

*Tempora mutantur, & nos
mutamur in illis :*

we must follow the mode of the times; as good be out of the world as out of the fashion. But your seeking self-denying, strict walking, hypocritical zealot, he's a little tainted too with temporizing: He in the place falls from the Church into the Commonwealth. And now he must needs have a division; but not of tongues, but of goods: Then honest Dick sounds as well as the name of an Ell: But when the wheel of Fortune hath level'd this opinion, they'll rant it in a worse, if possible, and under a pretence of Religion, turn their Church into a stew; and here also the rabble follow: And because they cannot have a community of goods, they are resolved to have a community of women

men. There *Jone's* as good as my Lady ; and since they can't feast on other mens goods, they are resolved to enjoy their Wives : I, but this is just at the last cast, their spoke is just at the ground. And in comes the Devill in a Quaker ; and now we must be all Prophets, and prophetesses, and the whole rout follow, but soft swift : These extasies are onely illusions, chaff of the Devils spreading to catch foolish Wigeons. These sensorious irrational pieces of mortality inveigh much against the pride of the times, and make humility consist in home-spun attire. Their yea and nay, I account as bad as affected swearing, and thee and thou high incivility. But to leave these *non intelligent entities* : I'll sume up all into the rank of Mills. Though some may be turned by the watery scource of discontent : other by the airy and windy commotions of a brain,

62 *Characters.*

brain, & speculative knowledge, and others turned by the hand of strength : Swords must force aw in cowards Yet all are moved by the main spring of self security, and temporary preservation.

A Finnicall London Citizen.

IT is reported of *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, that she was begot of *Jupiters* brain, without the help of a woman ; But this compleat crafts matter was begot of *Midas* his Ears , by the assistance of a finnicall Exchange-woman. And you shall finde in him, the exact qualities of both his Progenitors. His bringing up and education was pretty good, but his greatest perfection

perfection consists in the volubility of his tongue, and in the emphatical pronunciation of a what lack you. His great care in the morning is to get his brazen face into a good *decorum*, and he much admires a handsome Prentise, which as a good signe post and bush in a Country town, he thinks draws in customers. He fears much least he should not be Trim, and therefore he carries his lookinglasse in his shoes, that so when ever he looks down, he may correct the rumple in his Band. And his boy every night rubs and scoures them for the same purpose, least he be the next morning crowned with the heels of them as a pennance for omission. He's a man will scorn to take any affront, and his reason he's a free man. This mans memory is very good in his place, and he runs over his wares with a great deale of celerity. He's no respecter of persons, for because
he'le

he'll be in the mode of the times, he Maddames all his customers; and by his good words, cheats the poor gulls and makes them pay for their high Titles. Hee's a man of a very large & spacious conscience; which appears by his large demands, and small receipts, he'll aske you a pounce for a commodity, and take the third part. And yet by reason of his neatnesse and trimnesse, he may be said to be a man very exact in his walking. His roses, garters and cuffs putting on, spend the whole morning, and then with his vineyger cloak, he marches into the shop and to the Change with a great deale of gravity, and thinks himself a Alderman apparent, at his first setting up. His wife that trim Dame is his only crosse. For he's forc't to wear out a paire of shoes more in a quarter for her, for he's fane to scrub them halfe an houre at the doore mat for fear
of

of fowling the Kitching, if he takes Tobacco, the sinck is his drawing roome, and he must not spit in her palace, under the penance of a scolding, she's a notable good scold and will use her tongue, as well as her husband can use his rapier and better too This queen or rather nymph of the queene of *Faries* is a very costly Dame, and must eat nothing but dainties & dear bought eates dressed in ample manner, which makes them both very often to fall from high faire, and rich clothes, to the Counter, and the Brokers. Did you but see her husband, & she, with what devotion they walk to *Islington* Cake-house, you would think them some zealous sacrificers in there Ceremoniell works. Every *May* she goes to hear the Cucko sing, but that is the only sorrow of her husbands zealous braine. They are the only wise ones in the City, but in the

F Country

Country the only fools and ignoramouses. The only notable and gallant day is on that day they call my Lord Mayors day, and then my gallant Squires of the Cloth are in all their *pontificalibus*. If he's a young man he's Whiffer to the Company, which is much of the same nature with a dog whiper, and then he marches with his white rod and Golden chaine before his Company; if he comes to the honour of a Gowne, you'd take him to be a Hog in Armour; just such another bumble arst furfact piece of Mortality. But when he comes to be Master of a Company, or Alderman or Lord Mayor, then he's at the height of his preferment, and he must take on him by his place. And then he who before was good at light waits, short yards, scant measure is the only best man to discover his own forepast knaveries:
there

there I leave him to order his upstarts in the art of Knavery.

A Hide-Parke Lady.

IT is Fabled of *Orion* the Son of *Hirius*, that he was begote by the *Urin* of *Jupiter Mercury* and *Nept* when they pissed in the *Ox Hide* with the flesh of which these three gods were feasted by *Hireus*, but how likely this is Judge you. Yet we may justly think these *Salacious* females to be of such another extract, as being the wanton Kiddy of their old insatiate Goatfathers. But its but a folly to pry into their *Matoria prima*, because a good father may generate a bad child,

and a bad father as good one. But look on them as they come hurrying with their horses and rattling with their Chariots to the gate of this airy place, you could not but mistake them for vapors by their light carriage. There is some marks, and they but a few, left of the image of God in their faces; for the rest are covered with the shreds of the Devils Mantle (I mean those) black spots and patches of deformity, and now their Leap or de skin is freckled with the marks of the beast, and marked with the devils insignes.

I cannot but wonder these shavings of the Brokers trumpery should be so much in fashion now in these bad times, unless it is to shew humility, by an Antepenstalis, or to mock God by Blazoning our faces with Sables, and have in our hearts our Ox. But to passe by these marks of a *Jesabell* look on her carriage and deportment

deportment, and you shall finde her a Lucifer in the abstract, a pretty kinde of a gawdy Peacock, folowed by a proud Turkey-cock Thus she and her bruffling gallant whose whole erudition lyes in the formall pronounciation of Madam and such finickle accents, and in swearing in Print, and as they call it *ad unguem*, with a specious flattery of her Ladiships eye, nose, cheek, hand, body, &c. make one of the many puppes that are in the play. Their whole imployments is to gaze and look to see how the wanton beaties of our Age, like the wheele of fortune run round the ring. And there, as it is reported between *Cesar* and *Pompey*, that one could not abide a superior, the other an equall; so these fenes of finery, quite undoe the Grammarian by quite extinguishing the degree which is called superlative. And thus they spend their malice and envy, each faulting the others

face and gesture, and thinking her self the only master piece of the pack.

Καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ γλάσσε ζηλέμονες εἰσι
γυναικες

Then after these lustfull Platonicks have had a sufficient contemplation of each others *ideas*, for I cannot give a more substantial expression to such a volatile subject. A way march they by paires, or perhaps they have by this time increast their company, and having glutted their eyes, now they must pamper their ungodly guts, and lustfull cates are held onely expedient for lustful employments; and the cup, the platter, & a Coranto take up the time till midnight, and then to kennel march my Hounds, and to hogsty my Swine.

But this little Magpy of chattering eloquence never uses her judgment, in censuring and condemning so much, as when her
finest

finifhed Cracklowfe brings home
her to'ther Gowns : Now her
Eagle eyes, fpie out the leaft un-
mannerly mifdemeanour of her
upftart Courtier; and becaufe
her joy and delight is in a Ter-
nacy number, it muft march at
leaft thrice to the botchers for
transmogrification, though her
nimble fhankt nipfhred never
medles with the garment; and
fo deceives his *Argus* ey'd Ma-
dam. Her mornings are fpent in
trimming and decking her un-
fanctified corps; and ſhe ſurely
concludes her patience to be ſu-
perabundant, and much in imi-
tation to that of *Jobes*, becaufe
ſhe can endure to be ſo long in
drefing. Take her all together
ſhee's a meere Whirlegig, a piece
of painted Clay layd over with
the watry colours of red and
white, which when the ſtreaks
of old age have a little ſcarified,
ſhe fills up with a ſupliment of
untempered Morter, and thinks

to mend and repaire the decay'd
morter of her face, with the
artificiall clay of a painting *Jesabel*.
Take her altogether, and
she's in generall the Jay of the
age, in particular, she's crowned
with a right womans wit, thats
none at all; her face represents
the signe of the checker, her na-
ked breasts the flesh pots of Egypt
deckt with a seeming comlineffe
her body, the stew of an *Italian*
Corporation, and her whole self
the common *Hide-Parke* Lady,
that is if unmarid one that longs
for a husband, and for want
makes use of her little lacque; if
wedded one that picks up flati-
ons as a begger doth chips in a
frosty morning, to supply present
necessity, and the disiciancy of
conjugall fuel.

The Good old Cause.

THis bad new Cause, may justly be compared to the Rhetorick of a nonsensicall Mountebank, which he uses to signifie, not what he means, or what he can doe; onely they are intended to puffel poore mens intellects, and catch their fancies into an admiration, to the looting of their money; Just such a painted flag of policy is this, whose end is to allure us to close with it, and under a specious pretence of I cannot tell what, Platonical imaginary felicity to wheele us, and egg us into an abyss of slavery: This is that politique

litique Mouf-trap, baited with the moldy cheefe of formall pretences, which at last will dwindle and decline into an apparent fallacy, and bring upon us a Dilemmaticall confufion. And the Devil ufeth the fame art in morall policy, as he hath done in fpiritual; endeavouring to cover over the lurking blafphemies of an upftart Herefie, with famous pretences, and paint them over with the fucus & tincture of whorifh and *Jefabell* expreffions, thinking by the fuggercandy of expreffion, to make the foule damning tenents go down more glibbery: Such are thefe. An Evangelical hunny-Combe, a new Light, a gofpell Revelation, and fpiritual perfection. Thus I fay in morall policy, he hath gotten a bait to catch the gaping and greedy men after innovation, deluding them by verball expreffions.

Thus

Thus like an occaecated *Tobit*, do the purblind Politicians of our tottering Common-wealth send forth before them this dog, this their fawning dog of faire seeming pretences, to make them way to those pretiments, which like eggs at grand *Cario*, are all ready hatched in the Ovens of their hot and fiery *Pericranium's*. But still this good Old Cause lacks searching, and requires a finer probe of Wit to dive into, than the dull and dismall phantasie of my illiterate intellect is able to afford. But a little to illustrate it, we must consider the several kindes of causes, and see to which of these, or whether to all these, this good Old Cause is a retainer. A cause then is either. *Efficiens, materialis, formalis Principalis, minus principalis, finialis* For I shall not stand to an exact Logickal Division and Sub-division.

If

If they by this Good old Cause mean *causa efficiens*: then it is that usurping Cause or principall which inheres in the phantastique braine of an unsettled Trouper, whereby he endeavors to settle himself in such a ruling decorum, as to effect and produce his own weale and safety, sink or swim Common weal. And Spirituall and Ecclesiastical weal together.

This now may be called an old Cause, because it hath its product from self-seeking, that branch of Original Corruption, but how it may be called Good I know not, unlesse it is *respectu seipsorum*, and that is so farr from good in a Ruler, to minde only private occasions, that Heathens have condemned it for unsufferable.

If you take it for *causa materialis*, then you must annex that substantive ruine to it, for where the cause and means be bad and
impious

impious, the effect must needs be matter of ruine and impiety. As to the materiallity of this Cause, the *materia prima* must needs be like that in the braines of an *Aristotle*, empty and airy notional, and phantasticall, for the first matter springs from a timpany of conceited greatnesse, and an overweaning phancy of deserving and meriting by the biting of this brye they run headlong after superiority under the notion of a good old Cause.

As to the *Materia secunda*, the second matter of this cause, will be matter of mourning and lamentation to *England* (if it proceed) in respect of us; of Tyranny and irreligion, and multiplicity of Heresies in respect of them: Thus the materiall cause is but pride and hypocrisy, self conceitednesse and vain-glory, which when it once comes to get the upper hand and rule, never goes without the company of its second

cond and companion, viz. cruelty and irreligion, Schismaticall Heresies and profanenesse, if you consider it as *Causa formalis* a formall cause, why then you consider it just as it is, for it pretends faire, and professeth a *Herods* delight in the *John* Baptists of our time; I mean the godly Ministers, but intendeth nothing lesse then their supparture, nothing more then Monarchicall Tyrany and usurpation. Just like the Devill in *Samuels* Mantle, and like our Saviours comparison of the Tombs, an outside Saint l'n'd with the Devill within, outward promising inward treason.

Thus they set a formal and hypocriticall face, and a formall and deceiving cause, like to like quoth the devill to the Colier. Consider it as *causa principalis* and *minimus principalis*, For I am almost a weary of this causelesse cause, and it will prove the principall
chief

chief and most notorious cause of innovation and Traitorisme, the lesse principall cause of all mutuall divisions, distractions, unsettlement and quarells. The principall cause of Quakerisme, Papisme, Anabaptisme, fifth Monacrisme, and also striving for superiority, to the undoing our Commonwealth; and thus it may be called the devills old cause of heart burnings, envies, malice, and cut-throating. Thus *causa causæ est causa causati*. Take it as *causa propinqua* and *remota* and so in brief, the Devil's the remote cause, and their hearts the approximate and neere propinque cause of this dissenting cause. The truth is the only cause they seek is matter of warr and dissention, the provocking cause is their accustomednesse to live idle and keep hy company, and the remote cause their want of money (which is remote from them) to maintaine this idle life
and

and ranting company; and to speak aright, it would be hard for the Tinker to return to his Snap-sack, the Cobler to his All, the Weaver to his Shuttle, or the Brewer to his Dray; and therefore they are resolved before they will do it, Tinker wise, to make two holes in a devided Commonwealth, in mending one, to stitch up their consciences with the Coblers-end of resolvednesse in sin, and chock and stifle it in the graintub of resistance, before they'l returne as they call it with the dog to their vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire. But if you look on it, as *causa finalis* the finall cause, its end may prove misery and affliction to us, but surely without repentance damnable to them; but however this is not the end of the Cause, but the end of the caused effect of the cause. Therefore this Good old Cause hath a two fold end

as they call it, one in respect of it self, & thats self advancement, and monarchy, the other in respect of others, and that is debilitating & oppression of opposites, advancing and approving complices, and Heretiques, but take this cause together, and it is a mad piece of pedling policy, and no more to be maintained, or mentioned by a rationall man that pretends to wisdom, then sensuality: it is a phantastique, whinesicall, ruinous self-seeking hypocriticall, irreligious, contentious and destructively ruinous Cause, whose pretences though never so faire, will be found not only to come short of that good they pretend, but include all pernicious evill to be imagined. But we must pray that this Cause may never come to effect.

G

A

A detraſting Emperick.

AN Emperick is one whose chief Excellency conſiſts in hard words and ſentences, and in a fine bombastique Oratory, accompanied with detraction from the credit of his betters, and commendation of his own farr fetcht experience. His first Originall is from a poor Apothicaries subservant, whose work is to look to the Stills and sweep the shop, who having got a smatch and relish of their nonsensicall gibberish, and stolen some of his Masters receipts, at the end of his time makes an end of his master, and the next market day sets up for himself, his first adventures are upon the swetty toes & but-

ter

ter teeth of country jobsons, whose
hard travel and dry crusts make
their grinders and carriers in an
unserviceable condition. After
his impudence encreasing, not
his wit, then out he comes in half
a sheet a paper, a French Doctor;
and his pitifull retainers plaister
him on every post and wall with
a lying account of his exquisite
parts, and great skill. And
these are the men that attest he
hath wrought wonders on their
bodies, but however, lets give
you a glimpse of his profession.
This excrement of an Apothecary,
this quackroyall is never
so much himself, as when he's a
pratling on things he cannot un-
derstand, and never so hap-
py as when he's a puzzling the
dull intellects of his silly pati-
ents with Greek, Latine words :
And telling them what fractions
disloetions he hath set, how má-
ny humors he hath asswaged by
frication, how many megrimi-

call and hypocondriacal humors he hath dissipated, what marvelous unheard of cures he hath done in places where he never was, nor ever will be : and then to all his brags he cannot passe by the mentioning of the weaknes and unsufficiency of other Doctors, and what a want of experience there is in most of them, for want of his Travels : Thus this Politique glister pipe runs himself into a kinde of small practise for a time, but they all learn his simplicity at last, which vexes him to the guts. For like the Kite, who having over-laid her maw with Carrion, and vomiting it up, thought she had parted with her guts : So this scum of a close stool, thinks himself ruined by their departure : But however, because he will be a right traveller indeed, and so may lye by authority, he never stays in a place above a fortnight, but makes himself an *individuum va-*

gum, under pretence of the common good, and because he will not hide his tallent in a napkin, his candle under a bushel. But if he had his due he should have a paire of stocks at least, for the grave is his friend in receiving those he murders. This is the man who is the Lord Paramount of all Doctors, and dares try it out with Gallen or Hipocrates, But shewes never so good sport as when two of them meet together in a Market. Then like two Makifs they fall on for the prey, and by this means the people escape a cheating. Then these Quacks peale out each others weaknesse, and because they know each others weaknesse, and because they know their own originalls, they discover their own knavery to the bottome, but their greatest skill lies in the French Pox, how comes that about, only by self experience

ence, for such idle vagabonds lay themselves open to all such impious suggestions, but let not me tire my self with these *hocus pocusses* of Doctorisme, but leave them to their ignorance, to scrape a living out of their equalls.

A Colledge Butler.

A Colledge Buttler is much of kin to those worms, who take up their habitations in learned Volumes, who overrun whole pages to their little emolument; even thus this finicall attendant spins out his time amongst the Learned, and lives amongst a succeeding stock of Philosophers, and yet remains as meek an Animal as the former,

no whit a proficient, but inferior to his emblem; for it dyes it self over with a blushing tincture, as being ashamed of its own negligence; but this Calves skin impudence, brazens it out with a Cuckolds-face; and what he lacks in reality, he supplies in shew and affectation. This spicket of a University man, is much accoutred with complements, and is able in the Country to quite astonish an honest Farmer, and when he travels, goes at least for a Justice of the Quorum. Nay, this presumptuous chip crust thinks himself to be at present of kin to the Lawyers (and hopes all others do so too) and doubts not but to be a Judge in time, since he already gets his living by Sizes. And could this Tapdropping but unmask and unveil the knaveries of the State or Church, so well as he can excoriate a loose, and bring down the lofty Tumors
of

of its swelling Pericranium, he would prove an unmatchable piece of living policy, and the onely man fit for a Protectorship: But it is to be feared, if once this man should soare into any place of credit, he would soon become hereticall and dangerous, for he hath been continually exercised in, and hath his living by Schismes and divisions: And indeed he may claime some kin, to the former sophoi of *literature*, for he divides & subdivides with much sharpnesse. He is a good anatomist to scrue into the very center of a loaf, and to pry into the joynt of separation. A good serveyour only, he measures not by the chaine nor the quadrant, no, by the retundant rather, *i. e.* the jugg, I shall not insist much of his dealing with *Bellarmino*, that is known to every fresh man, but only take notice of his equall and unpartiall justice in his distributions, which is so exquisite
and

and plausible, that he thinks himself another Aristides, not a scruple doth he give to one more than another.

An excellent Arithmetician he is, and most accurate in accounts, he's blameable in nothing but in that, he will be sure to charge the scholars noddles, which should be fraught with learning, with the strange and unwelcome letters of ob, and in so much that these strange and unknown Characters make freshmen take him for a Necromancer. But did you but see him domineer over a freshman, you'd soon conclude him to be some extraordinary Officer, when as poore Caitiff, when they come to be Sophs, the pump is his reward for his insolencies. But to come to his Office, he's so used to spread cloaths, that he's ne're well, but when he's unspreading of Aprons, and spreading of females [sails, in so much that he
often

often comes to be a Father, before he's either willing or provided. He keeps all things in order but himself, for the continuall use of mault-juice, which he powres down continually, makes him alwayes dizzy.

His Tables are alwayes full of Latine Characters, which makes the Country-man think him an excellent Schollar at his first coming, but staying a while, he hath much a doe to think of his home, for his head poizes his whole body; his exact accounts will not let a quart passe unaccounted, which if it chances to remain an odd one, he'le besure to make it up, because he'le have an even quantum. If any thing kills him, it will be a grief, because under Graduates are stinted, who are the fresh drinkers, and love to his own gain, makes him give them a little liberty to exceed. But to take away this university man, and to fold him quite

quite up by giving him his due, you may broach him an exquisite gut servant, who's own belly is his best clock, which though it onely gives warning at 8. 11. 3. 6. 8. yet is sure to be exact then to a punctilio. This the Cook and the Bed maker are the *Cerberus* of a Colledge, if you take them under a general notion, but divide them accurately, and they are the necessary evils of an Accademian. The Cook he's the Grafter, the Poulterer, and Fish-monger of the Society; the Bed-maker must be ranged amongst the huntsmen, because of their Kennels: And the Butler, he's the Whiffler to go before and prepare for the Cook, and the Lievtenant to bring up the reere, and place things as they were: but I shall doe by him, as he by a loaf, martyr him into too many subdivisions. I shall therefore leave him lockt up in his Binn.

A Vniversity Beadle.

THis is the arse gut of an Academy, the meere Lacky of a Vice-Chancellor in a black Gown and a round cap, much of kin to those Hinch-boys, who on my Lord Mayors day at *London*, were wont to run before my Lady Marice in Velvet Caps, &c. But to give him his due, he hath been a Schollar in his time, and Fellow perhaps of a Colledge, but as they say, when drinks in wits out, so when the bellygod hath been a feast-hunting, the vapours of his stomach clowd the light and hinder the influence of his cerebrum if he hath any. This man by his place is the prologue

logue of the Vicechan: and every exercising master of Arts. His chiefeft imployment is in gathering congregations, and giving notice of clerums, which if it be in morning or afternoon he doth plenore: I can compare him to none more aptly then *Milo*, who by continuall using to carry a Calf at least could bear an Ox, even so this Officer, by continuall feasting his gut, and indulging his paunch, he's come to so great a proficiency in the art of gluttony, that it is not Oxen will serve his turne. His senting haire is still quick and tender, and he hath as thinne a nose as any dog in the pack; if he walks he'll smell a feast as far as *Trumpinton* or *Coton*, and foot it accordingly, hunting dry foot with extream celerity and labour, till he hath obtained his prey, and then a game at Noddy disgests all He's Cousen-Germain to the fatt Monk, who hearing that

Abbies

Abbies should go down, got a Pention, and then clapping his hands on his ungodly panch, said, *modo ho. sit bene*, if this thrive but, alls well; so this *Marriotus rede vivos renatusq;* makes his venter the *primum mobile*, of all his actions, that makes them in stature to be so like to the Anakims and Zansummims.

It may be said of him as it was of *Bonofus* that rebelled against *M. Aurel. Valer. Probus*, that he was borne *non ut viveret sed aut biberet*: so of this he was borne *non ut viveret sed ut ederet*: for as other men only eat that they may live, so this only lives that he may eat, and if once University Revenues should be taken away, either you'd soon hear of his death of a Consumption, or else you ld hear of his metamorphosis into an *Anthropophagus*. Never till I was at *Cambridge*, did I see the Logicians *Chimæra*, his *Hircocrervus*, but when I had a view

view of it in a beadle, he's a *Hircus* in his wanton endeavours after dainties; & a *Cervus* in his speed, & festinatioⁿ he makes to obtain them, his fear of loosing, and his quick hearing the rumor of them. And I much wonder he hath not long since been carried and shown at *Bartholmew faire* for a sight.

His first place, or his ushering in of the Actors makes him seem a retainer to a stageplayer though he is swelled up with a Timpany of pride in conceit of his fine Office, did you but see him delivering his verses he understands not in his coise, you'd take him for some bearded *London* Colter-wife newly drest up on a munday morning. But to make an end with him, he's the *materia prima* of a *Tripus* or *prævericator*, the very *causa sine qua non*, of all his quibbles, and one that is fit for nothing else but to be made the fool at a commencement Vacation. Should I run through the
Organs

Orgains of this accademick body and the favorites of independing Presbyterianisme, would put him down and bruise his pipes, being angry with the harsh melody of such a Tincklering instrument. I shall therefore rather leave the filling of his stuf parts to the bellowes of a more strong invention, having wearied my self already with so fulsome a subject.

A Covetuous Usurer.

A Covetuous Usurer is Consen German to good *Monsieur Midas*; and though perhaps his fools noddle is not furnished with so good a pair of Asses ears, yet

yet he could with his fingers might have a little of the same virtue. Take him in a morning and his worships Spectacles adorn his Nose, and direct and guide his industrious Pen in Arithmetique; and Debts, and Mortgages are all viewed over once a day, which is his breakfast, for the Miser accounts that amongst the number of *innecessaria*: Take him about noon, and his stomach is a preparing for his Dinner by a walk: and then this thredbare companion looks much like a broken Citizen, that cannot afford himself a new suit; but to be short, his purse and his gut take up all his time, but chiefly his purse; his yellow and white blessings are so much in his thoughts, that his onely care is to live and encrease his money and dye, and there is an end: But as shottenly as he looks, he's a notable crafty fox in his way, and will make a bargain with

H

any

any man in *England*. Oh how he pin'd and murmur'd when it was brought to fix in the hundred; that fit of sicknesse had almost brought him to the grave. His greatest delight and complacency is in the acquaintance with young-spend-thrifts, these he loves for their papers sake, oh he'd fain be fingering there, and to be sure not a farthing will he lend till he hath twice the value in Land made over to him; and then he hugs and blesteth himself, and never gives over reading, and hopes there will never come a Redemption. These are his onely delight, and though he hates, yet he loves their extravagancies: did you but know in what fear he is, when any of his gods lye dormant, and how he crowds them together, and watches his trunk, and locks his chests, and bars his Hutches, you'd think, nay conclude his life, his very animal spirits

spirits were contained in his coffers. Thus this miserable earth-grubber doth not onely acquire this trash with vexation and labour, envy and malice, but is perplexed, distracted, distrustfull to keep it also. If he be a Batchelour, he's the more happy man, for the very charge of a wife and barnes, would (as they say) put him out of his seven senses: His diet now is onely what Mice and Rats will not eat, moldy bread and old cheese: For quoth Mr. *Provident*, is it not a sin to let such Vermin destroy the good creature; but his minde is in his counting-house, did you but take a strict account of that Fry-day face of his, whose rowsey whiskers and brischy turn-pikes make him resemble some shaggy meteor, or some borish Turk; you could not but smile and burst your spleen with laughing, to think what a dish of butter'd Crablice his mossy excrement

contains fat and in good liking. I wonder he feels not his head to some Ale-wife, it would make an excellent Sarazen signe, if he could but spare it: His rinckled jaws like an old Cows neck hang Chathernwise, lank and loose; his whining and pelting posture have distracted his chops beyond their bounds, and his skin to a greater and more large extention, so that now it superabounds in vacuities, and like his grand-fires double ruff hangs in pleats and folds; his eyes are dim'd before he's thirty, for he hates Candles, and pores in the dark if his Arithmatical occasions require speed. I wonder he gets not a glow-worm to save charges, his band (of his own patching) becomes him very well, and suits the other habliments of his body: and for brevity sake, to save soape, cloth, water, and time is not extended beyond the dimensions of his collar, and for another

another reason, if necessity force him, a clean shirt may supply both offices.

His hands and his gloves al-
waies goe together, he hates ar-
tificiall ones, because they are
apt to weare out and seam rend.
His doublet and breeks are of
the oldest fashion, for he keeps a
jewish Jubile, and he never gives
rest to his cloaths but once in 7.
years & that never to serve him
more, he's such a constant man
he hates mutation. Thus you
may know a Usuring Bachelour
by his mode, which is out of
mode. If he hath got a wife, oh
poor woman, she'd better be
hanged; for exclamations against
expences and charges are never
out of his mouth. O what affli-
ctions doth he meet with each
moment, a peniworth of butter,
a halfpennyworth of salt, two pe-
ny worth of milk, soap and can-
dles, to pay for fire and meat,
house rent and cloath, oh, oh, oh
H 3 enough

enough to undoe a poor house-keeper. Well he's a house keeper now, and the Collectors for the poor, give him daily visits, often he's abroad, though alwayes at home, and he pays these just as his brother batchelour, if he have Lands, pays taxes after a long Conflict. When at home with what deliberation doth he pull forth his greasy powch, and accompany its production with a sigh: then the unwilling hand he forces to dive into and search for his heart blood, which is accompanied out with a hideous groane; but when its gone, he thinks he's bound by naturall affection to give it a parting showre of tears, though the losse of a Wife would not come half so near him: And she's like to suffer for all, and eat nothing but flotten milk this fortnight, for this trick.

Thus this money bag like a hide bound horse, never evacuates

ates any of his mettle, but with sorrow and regreate, me thinks a purge might do well, plurasies are very dangerous, a little phlebotomy's good Physick. But this retentive faculty of his, he thinks is his great vertue. Provide for thy family is his proof, nay rather then hee be an infidel in not getting, hee be so in not trusting his nearest friend without a mortgage, and his poorest without a pawn. And thus he builds and lays *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, one bagg on another, till death trips up his heels, and his young son pulls them down. Thus this muck worme never leaves delving till a damp overtakes him and puts out this candles end. Oh how it delights him (when hes past harkning after chapmen and past seeking after spenders) to hear frugality as he calls it commended, and prodigality laid out in its proper colours, when alasse he's far
from

from the golden mean, *Incidit in
Sylam dum vult vitare Carybden.*
just in the extream, well to put a
period to my Coffer keeper, fol-
low him in all his plots and pro-
ceedings and you'l find him just
like a horse in a mill, that
though he uses continuall moti-
on, is still where he was, even so
this man for all his pains and
getings is as miserable, nay more
then the most indigent; and is
never the better, he lives ne-
ver the more comfortably, does
never the more good for all his
riches.

A Cambridge Minion.

A Cambridge paraketo, is an Outlandish Ape; whose Mimick disposition makes her shape her seacole vestures into the form of the fashion; though her self be quite out of shape, a meere petty chaos of dust and ashes; half animated and lickt over, by the flattering tongue of some puny freshman: she's one of the times beauties in her own conceit, and though her fingers are shriveled with exercising a Landresses function throughout the week, yet on sunday she bridles it according to her own imagination

nation; and with *don Quiro* overcomes all the stout sophs of her diocesse, by the strength of her own fancyed beautifull perfecti-
ons. Her sundays imployment after evening prayer is a walke, and that day she accounts to be a market one, for then she displays the soiled ware of her pedling face, to the view and sail of all, in its most artificiall decking. Thus have I read of a garulous Crow bedecking it self with the gawdy plumes of a supercilious Peacock; and an Emblematicall as sprucefyed with the gorgeous trappings of a lofty beusephalus: And thus this sweeping of a Schollars bed-chamber, invelops her course gran'd hide in vestures of a Madam, and though poor soul she starves within dores and pinches for't all the year after, her Gown and other accoutrements shall extend beyond the *neutra* of her ability. But she becomes them accordingly,
and

and they hang about her fusty corps, much after the rate as if hang'd on with pick-forks, so that she is finely slutish, and sluttishly fine, I wonder what she would do with her yellow golls, were it not for her apron & stomacher; for they are the only upholders of those masy quarters, squeesed into the narrow compasse of a finicle paire of gloves, to the danger of overheating her foggy flesh; and when all is done rowling pin like, it seems to be a confused lumpe of flesh, not a hand, its more like a foot. Her squint eyes are for the most part fixed on the ground, neither dares she lift up her goggles for fear of prejudicing her chaste modesty: but yet an occult leere is now and then cast at a transient Schollar. Her swimming and frigging gate denotes something of levity, though her set countenance proclaimes a *noli metange-re*,

. Take

Take her upon the account of an husband, she's a notable quaint, precise, curious, wary and cautious dame; she looks high, a gentleman Schollar is her scope, her marke, her fellow townesmen she scornes, as being below her merrit, oh she affects courtship extreamly, and loves above all things to be saluted with a madam-eticall title, she curtesies in print, observing both mood and figure, and can if need be, sing you a merry song and be pretty jocular: And though in town or before company she's something coy and occultly reserved, yet in *private* she is as free of her flesh as an Emperor, & will afford her company a whole night at any time, provided you prepare good store of cates for her licquorish chops, and wine too, for she loves to make use of the creature. She hath a notable politique way of begging, by an exclamation
of

of her wants, and she'll ware her worst gloves on purpose, that she may by finding fault purchase new ones.

If she be any thing handsome, she knows it too well, & if any sort of portion or pedigree she can claime too, then she soares high, pensioners and undergraduates are of too mean a stock, to low, & unworthy, to pretend service to her, no, because shee's a gawdy fool her self, she'll be sure to chuse her fellow, her like a gentleman fellowcommoner, to be sure or a master of arts, that gos in his fine half shirts: these she seeks to enchant by her devotion at Church; and these most of them have more wit then to be what they seem, only kisse her and feel her a little, and leave her to the next.

Take them all together, and they all of them appear to me to be of the same extraction, and originall with *Venus* begot of the
froth

froth of the sea, or rather by some frothy or light timbred fellow commoner, that makes them so gravely light and fantastical. But to give you the taile, marke and brand of this fine whimsicall piece of Scholarship, you may know her by these ensuing Characters.

First, By her Bartholmew face, her affinity in pole trimming with the plays of that toy faire, if she be of any mean extraction, her flying coifes intimate her soaring intentions, and she looks in those starcht conundrums, like a little meat mins't and slice't and laid in order, in a prodigiously great Charger. Neither will her Whitewine and wild tanfy burnish over her rusty brazen face, so as to bring it to a right posture; but she'll be sure, because she'll be gay, to wear in her visage the right Bartholmew fools coulers, red & yelow. The continuall bleaching and whitening

whitening her Mr. Schollars linnen, makes her wollen face of a tallow complexion, jumping with the proverbe.

*March winde and May Sun
Makes cloths white, but maidens dun.*

But perhaps the Brewers daughter of our Colledge will be angry, she'll make our bear so small for this, it shall never smile on us more. Nay, pray Mis. Aleberry, sweet Mis. Graine tub, Hunny Mis. Copper face, be not to angry. I hope you do not think I intend to spoil the use of your mashing fat by these lines or have a designe to make your skipping suiters hop away and leave you: No truly, I wish you so good a brewer to your husband, as may carry about him such effectuall barm, as may set the musty hogshhead of your pawnch a rising and swelling, to the production of a Bacchus, a
better

man then his father, but don't mistake me, I don't wish you *Semeles* fortune, viz. to be imbraced by your *C arke* underneath your Copper in the midst of his searching Thunderbolts, no indeed forsooth, if you'll believe me forsooth, I don't forsooth, only forsooth a good lusty malthorse forsooth, your husband forsooth thats all forsooth.

These petty Ladies whose Fathers have obtained them a kind of a petty fortune, are of another's guesse hue then the former; for their countenances are bedizned in fable sacks, or it maybe in white sarcenet wallats, which alwaies intimates their husbands fortune.

If dame nature hath been rigged as to deny them, red and white, they can buy some, and so plaster accordingly: But though they think to hide their snouts over with fize and whiting, all will not do, you may know

know them by the cast of the eye, the purse of the mouth, and the coy carriage of their weighty noddle, whose trembling motion, and wagging posture denotes something, but thus much for the face, I fear I have painted them too right.

Secondly, Know her (because I have spent too much paper on her) by the rest of her body and gate. Her breasts you shall be sure to know by their affinity with the udder of our sandy cow & your brown heifer, which she lays open as she thinks for temptation sake, but alas these her milk-pails, lack a little scouring, she must serve them as good housewives do theirs, bestow a little sand and straw on them, or they will nere be oughts. Her giant belly and her bushel arse denote her a maid; but her wanton eye and affected gate, show it is much to her affliction: but her crupper arse is to be sure beautified

beautified with a gawdy traping;
I wonder she don't hang bells at
them, she'd make an excellent
forehorse. Take her altogether,
and she's a fine finacle
Cambridge production, got by,
and aiming no higher then some
suckspicket sophister.

A Pune Pragmatick Pulpit-filler.

HE is one that can say to
corruption, thou art my
Father: for the corruption of
his manners at the University
generated the odium of the Ma-
ster & Fellows to such a height,
that they had brought forth
the birth of expulsion, if he by
this

this preventing medicine of giving them a vale (as one wittily saith) *nihil ante dictum*, had not casheered himself their jurisdiction. And we all know the rediest way for such is to get a pulpet and teach others what they scarce understand; nay cannot maintain by Syllogisticall dispute themselves. So that I may justly describe him to be a half stewed Codling'd Philosopher, a linsewoolsy Logitian, &c. and with illustrious *Cleveland*, call him a Lay interlining Clergyman. And me thinks these *John La. klaines* creep into benefices, like Foxes into hen-rousts, only to fill their empty guts (starved as much for want of food, as their noetical faculties devoid of all Philosophick irradiations, and as their *perecranium* dark and gloomy, dismall and obscure, for want of the Gilding and glistering rayes of the sun of good erudition:) and to supply
 I 2 the

the vanities of their elbowes, I mean their froward and fretfull doublets, whose continuall and *quotidian* vexations by rubs and soiles, hath quite worne out the patience of the nap, and the long suffering of both Warp and Woolf. And like their brother Reynard, though their intention be onely their own emolument; yet they keep out and hinder their betters, and spoile and mangle the good food of the word; (just as old women their naturall meat with the blunt and notcht cuttles of their wit. T'would grieve your heart to hear what work these sand drop makers make with an easy and facile text, into what far fetcht notions they dissolve it, and how miserably they are forced to wander from their businesse, to patch up their piece of stuff to the length of the houre glasse. And yet this apothegmaticall Icosthenes will bring you up
whole

whole legions of examples, and quote you those Authors he never saw, much lesse read: and his Greek and Latine, spouts from his originall Jaws as water from a cesterne redundant with that element. And thus this new consecrated Levite gets the aerial and vaine applause of the vulgar, who cryes him up for a great Losopher, and an excellent scholarde; nay I warrant you, they take him at least for a Conjurur. And truly the brazen faces and nimble clacks of these, by the help of that smatch of Divinity, they have, may serve for edification and be good; but there are another sort, who as they have neither wit of their own, nor fancy others, but fill up their sermon with the riss raff of their own nodles, & a heaped congeries of impertinent and inapposite Scriptures, and a multitude of illogically acatagoricall reasons and arguments: these

are they that hammer out a sermon, like an unknown unwonted unseen oration; and because their time shal be spent at church their clumsy fists and squint eyes will be sure to have halfan hours bussing at every proof, before the hold-my-staffe can finde it; for as the proverbe saith, it is to him as bad as seeking a needle in a bottle of hay: His studies are as small as his brains, for its one of the Torments of his life, to think of his Sunday employment, and that makes him a speciall friend to the booksellers, old obsolete and Noahcall sermons, and these are the parchments he especially takes care of it. But it may be objected, here by the clown his father, nay I cant believe this Sir: for my son must needs be a good Scholard, for he's seldome without a book in his hand, and i'me sure he can speak good Latine: I answer, Sir for your comfort, your son is

a tolerable Thunderbolt; an indifferent good Handſtulo, for to be ſure, though he reads but little, yet his parts are ſo ripe, and he's ſo exquisitely gitted, that though he reads but little, yet whatever it is, he makes it his own. But a querie now ariſes among the Quakers, whether this be not petty felony to rob the dead and the quick; and what Religion this is to offer up that in the temple that coſts the nought, truly friend, for anſwer you ſhall have nothing but the old proverbe, I would they were hang'd that want one ſhift; I would he was hanged has one too many. But to conclude with the time, I ſhould be very ſorry, if I ſhould overtire your patience, with any inconvenient language or prejudiciall ſentences in this Character, it is not the function but abuſe of it I condemn, the former, I reverence and love, this latter proceeds from

from a Timpany of pride inherent in the platonicall pericranium of an empty nodled sophister; or from the dropicall humors of a young suckspiting junior, whose manners being remora's to his studys and degrees, have forced him to take the Wings of an Owle and flying forth, he thinks to enlighten others with his own dim and gloworm understanding to the prejudice of the function, which is much scandald by such empty novices, whose empty nodls seek nothing but to be filled, with the vaine breath of applause, though all their connundrums and bombastick pettifoging, deserves rather a Satyr then a Panegirick.

An old Hording Hagg.

She is one of the Wich of
Endors Cosen-Germans, that
for a little yellow dirt or white
clay, will court the Devill him-
self in a *Samuels* Mantle, nay
prostrate her body and soul to
the devotion of idolatrizing *Ma-*
mon, she's a woman of a notori-
ous faith, it hath in it all di-
mentions, longitude, latitude,
and profundity. Her money is
her god, and shes an implicite
Papist: The reason why she
scrapes her copper quarter penny
coyn into her fustypouch (made
of the last shedding of the lanck
and

and loose skin of her hoary buttock, (for she therein immitates deere) till it amounts to the sacred number of 6.score, (for her hundred is of the largest size) is because she is a Saint worshiper, and loves to pray to the Image of St. George, in a half Crown. She's nere in an extasy but very feldome, once in seven years, and thats their jubile; and that is, when her old stumps have by the oile of elbow-grease and continuall drawing (for she s an excellent good carte iade) rak't together an unexpected Angel; and then shes in her paradise she thinks; for she converses now with Ceraphims. In generall she s one of a universall conscience or rather none at all, for she never knows the *ne plus ultra*, the *Hercules* Pillar of her progging: but let trace her in a few particulars, *ob ovo ad malas*, I may allude, and then you may know her by her first aspect.

And

And first take her a bed (for we had need dresse her for she cant spare time to do it her self) and shes a fine dirty hieroglipick of her pigsty recreations, snuddled and kenneld over with the dirty sackcloth of her gloomy harding: she snorts and snores and wakes and scrubs, and farts and looks for day, and harkens for the first cock, and if it be too soon, down lies she and streaks and picks her stincking toes, and dares not sleep more for fear of loosing a minuite. But as soon as ever she spies the harbinger of Sol that winged courser she salutes him with a χαίρε πάς and up rouses nally-nock to put on her weeds.

Her clothes or rather those signes and representations, those faint & weak ideas of garments (for it would poze a good scholar to distinguish and define the difference between her and them, and the heape on the backside
Cambridge

(Cambridgepaper mil) hang about her cadaver, her corps, her piece of clay, her all; much after the rate of the skin, hanging about a Calf when tis half flaid just ready to depart and take their leave of their old Mistris, whom they have served one of *Jacobs* apprenticeships twice seven years, and if the more carelesse the more gentle behaviour she's a notable fashion monger. Her smock and her skin are much of the same roof, you may pick holes through either of them, this and her skin hath had such a familiarity with each other, that they still play loath to depart, for quoth the trot, the oftener to wash boule the sooner to rags, its length is somewhat lesse then that of her coats and they, and her knees if it please you are *equipolent*, for shes very loath to be called a drags taile slut. But suppose a little it should so happen that a man should extend his nerves
out

out of reverence to antiquity,
and take up her coat, her upper
coat, onely have a care of blast-
ing neighbour and mildew, for
the extent of her Placket is al-
wayes lower then her smock, and
that comes but an inch lower
than her Navel. But she's up and
drest, well to work she hops with
expedition; her maid if she hath
one to milk, she to hog serving
to *Hacklingt*, to spinning, to
hempbeating, to any thing, to
hell scraping it self to get mony.
And you may know exactly her
thoughts are working for the
motion of her brains, for the
most part, unloosen her pins and
erects her tippet. Her maid com-
ming home, she erects her voice
also, for she cannot make haste
enough, but will loose time
though she flies for it. I would be
heartily glad to see her make a
Cheese once, that I might observe
the speed and sluttery of her
proceeding. Well, this work done
she

she falls to the next, and so handles them all in order, and makes the best, worst use of her time she can possible: Nay, rather then faile, she'll do two works at a time And yet this notable dung-hill raker hath scripture for what she doth, and will tell you, she believes she must, and therefore doth and will provide for her family; & by this she proves she's no Infidel: Well, thus much for her house: onely her dyet it is much like her self, quite out of fashion; she bakes but once a quarter, it spends the slower, her whey and butter-milk &c. are her food, she and her swine feed much alike, the difference lyes onely in the Dish; on's long the other round.

But to know her in her finery, in her Kersmasse holyday dresse as she calls it, take but a strict view of her visage, and you may give a shrewd guesse. Her wrinkled and withered front resembles

seemles an old fashioned pair of plateing Irons, and I believe in the dayes of yore, that was the mode of the visage. Her whole face looks like an old blasted and withered pumpkin, with a slit one way and to'ther way, and two holes of each side, for the sun hath died her fusty hide into a dark yellow, and the colour of her ruby cheeks into a bay brown.

Her hands are the clumisie hangbyes of her body, they and their appurtenances may very well be called arms, for their hard branchey resemblance. Her fingers those crooked disciples of her body stand much after the posture, as if they would denote her Husbands fortune, just such cramp associates.

Her feet are inveloped in her aulean or rather cothurnian buskins, whose plodding shape and substantiall plainnesse denotes them to be intended for some
hard

hard service. Her swetty toes the
res contenta, the thighs contained
in these swabberslops are the
the Frankinsence of her presence
or rather the *assefatida* she car-
ryes about her to keep those she
comes neer (by its nauseating
odor) from sounding at her
ghastly infernal presence: And
now I hope you are satisfied, and
I have Characterized her suffici-
ently, you may know her by
her hogo, I pray you scent her
accordingly.

FINIS.

Of a Protector.

WHat's a Protector; he's
a Stately thing
That Apes it, in the
nonage of a King.
A Tragick actor,
Cesar in a Clowne,
Hee's a brasse farthing
stamped with a Crown.
Esops proud Assie mask't
in a Lyons skin ;
An outside Saint lyn'd with
the Devill within;
An Eccho whence the Royall
sound doth come,
Hee's but a Barrel head
unto a Drum :
A Bladder blown, with others
breath pufte full.
Not the Par'lous,
but Perilus Bull.

K

A

A counterfeited piece
Like one that shoves
Charles his Effigies
with a Copper Nose.
Phantastick shadow of the
Royall head,
The Brewers with the
Kings Arms Quartered.
In fine hee's one we must
Protector call,
From which, the King of
Kings Protect us All.

A Neuter Wish.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| My wishes great- | The Navy of the Dutch |
| The English Fleet- | I all good fortune grutch; |
| May no storme tosse- | Vantrump & his Sea forces |
| The Harpe and Crosse- | Shall have my daily curses, |
| Smile Gentle fate- | On the Dutch Admirall |
| upon the State,- | The Plagues of Egypt fall. |
| Attend all Health - | The Cavelering Part, |
| The Common-wealth- | I value not a Far. |

On the death of one Mr. Pitcher.

THe worlds Architect,
did all our bodies frame
To be but earthen Vessels
for that flame,
Which politick promethens
stole away,
From heaven t'informe his
Massie lump of clay;
By vertue of which fire
our senses keep
Alive, that being put out,
they fall a sleep.
But if that names with nature
may agree,
Our brother *Pitcher*
rather seems to be
A water Vessel, in which,
death without doubt,
Water put in, and so
the fire put out.

Some

Some Puritan wit, thus
Would bewaile his lot,
Howle Holy Sister Pitcher's
gone to pot.
But I say 'tis mortalities
common show,
For Pitcher's Earth,
and earth must go.
We all dropt from our
mother earths past Wombe
And in her bowels
all must finde a Tombe.
As Giddy Zealots often
do outvie,
The Weathercock
in its Activity;
Of Turning round, whose
brains being sore perplext,
Hug every Schisme that
comes in fashion next:
Then turn to the old again,
when they have gone

Through all the changes
of Religion.
So the body after
many changes must,
Returne to its first
Principles of dust;
At last though, first we
conquer many a wound;
Death wins the field, though
we must keep the ground.
Our friend deceast had in
his life time past
Grapled with many maladies,
but at last,
Death or the dire Physitian,
one oth' twaine,
Was too hard for him, thus
The Proverb's plaine.
The *fitcher* never goes
so oft nor fast
To th' well, but it comes
broken home at last.

Yet

Yet none can losse by losse
of him sustaine,
Whose natures fate, tends
much to others gaine;
For death doth livelyhood
to others give,
Death brake him for the
nonce, All trades must live.

*A Dialogue between a Tawny-
more and a faire Lady.*

Taw.

Fix my darke Tawny Starr
in thy white spheare,
I will make thy Glittring
Beauty shine more clear.

Lad. Your counsell with the
Fashion suiteth not,
No, Ladies weare a yellow
Beauty spot.

Taw.

Taw. I would not be a spot
upon thy face,
But something in thine armes
Thou mights embrace.

Lad. Should Herauld thy,
or on my Argent see
They would impute to us
false Armorye;

Besides I fear infection
to imbrace,

A man in my Armes,
with a Jaundice face:



The *Ægyptians* on thy Safron
skin would pray,
And stak't to scare
the *Crocodiles* away.

Taw. If I be Safron, let
my seed, to yield
Encrease be sowne within
thy pleasant field.

Lad. No, pray go farme
some common Colony
To break up, your Plow
hath no share in me, *Taw.*

Taw. Oh but sweet Lady,
Tis my earnest Suit
Of this face dyde in graine,
to reap the fruit.

Lad. Beyond, sea coloured Sir,
your Suits in vaine,
I like no face

dipt in an Orange Staines;

Taw. Slight not the Surface
of my Orange skin,
The best part of an Orange
is within.

To be an Orange,
I could gladly choose
if you to squeeze and suck me
won't refuse.

Lad. Yes, but Ile do as those
that Orange eat,
Hang th' peelee on string
when I have eat the meat.

Taw. Your skin of silver white
for worth can't fellow,
Mine whose rich tincture,
is a Golden yellow. *Lad*

Lad. I praise you not Sir
for your Golden Hieu,
In this was *Apuleas* Ass
like you;
But if your Gold,
and willing to be mine;
You shall be stamp't upon
to make me coynes;
I speak my minde, yet
your face would not passe,
So soon for Gold, as for
new scowred brasse.

Tam. My yellow Sun beams
thou shouldst not despise,
Sols Collour when he
doth in glory rise.

Lad. If your Sun shine, i'll
here no longer stand,
Adieu I must be gone
least I be tand.

*A Petition of Questionests to Mr.
Frost for their degrees, Wood-
cock and Heron Proctors.*

ALL Haile great Frost, tis our desire
To kindle in thy breast a fire
Of gentle love ; and by our art
To thaw thy too hard frozen heart.
Be thou propitious and we fear,
No beaked proctors flutting here.
For when it's a frost, the birds we know,
Lest wildnesse of and tamer grow.
We'r Sirs ith house, and should we leese,
For want of wit all our degrees;
They'l sweare a Frost hath nipt us so,
That we like Icesikles downward grow.
Thy flex le minde, I hope, will bend;
The longest frost must have an end.
Lets have calm weather then, for though
You raigne, you will not storme I trow.
Behold but how our faces show
For fear of Frost as cold as snow.
Only because thou art so nice,
Chill, fear hath made's as cold as Ice :
Then let's for once our pleasure have ,
A common courtesie we crave :
To wit, that since such cold there haps,
Thoud' it give us leave put on our caps.

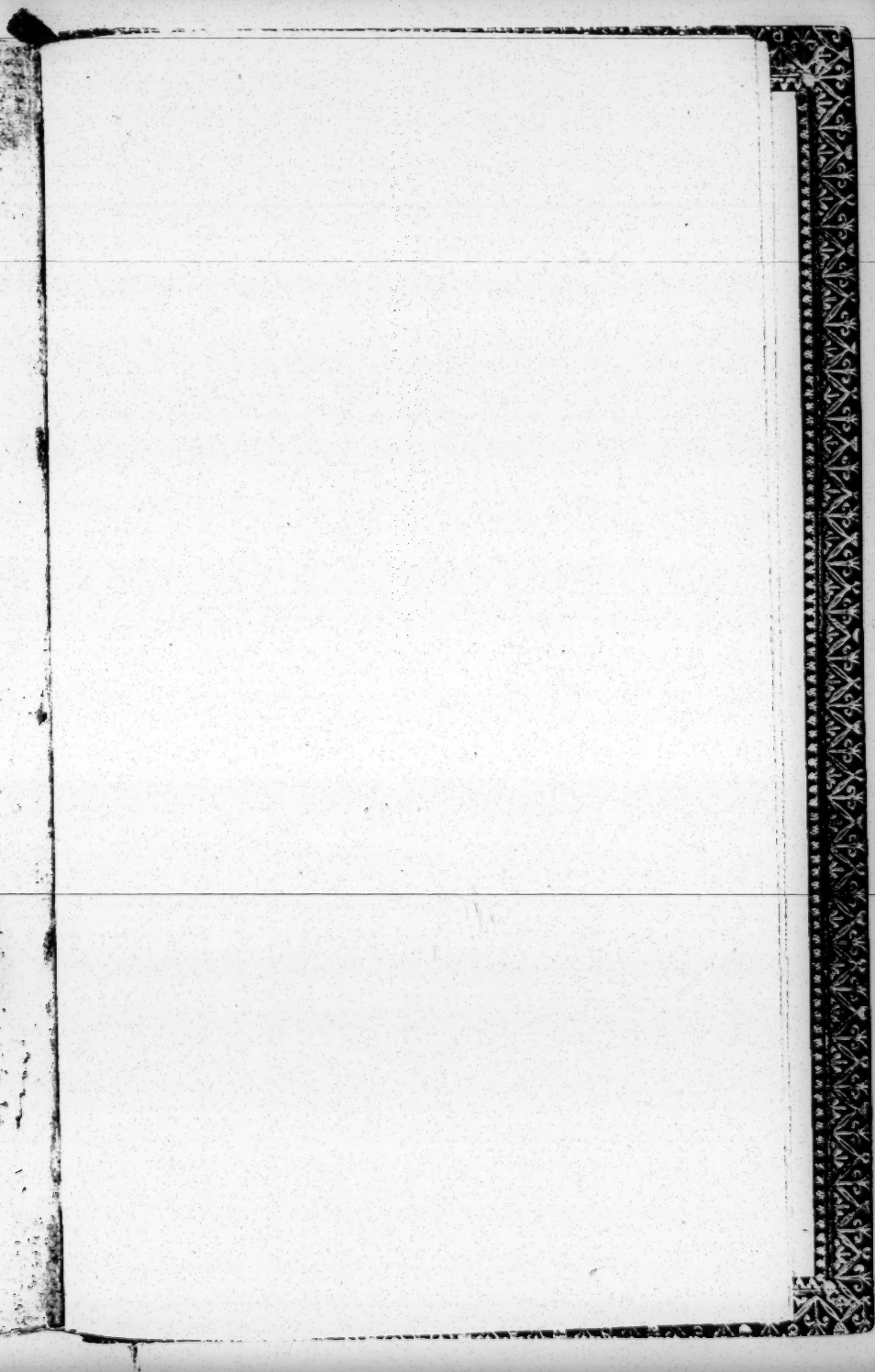
Post-

Post-script.

YOU that upon free cost
this book do view,
Suspend too harsh a censure
least you shew
Your Asses ears,
ther's little reason why,
Judgments should be pul'd
forth, and purses lye
Quiet and still; Or that
a man should hold
A Fee-simple of Censure
without Gold.

But you that pull your
purses forth and buy,
Judge till your heart strings,
and your purse strings try,
For th' Masterye, which shall
crack first, soonest break,
Ile alwaies give you loosers
leave to speak.

FINIS.







YALE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Bought
on the fund
established by
CHARLES J. ROSENBLOOM
Yale 1920